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OUR CHINESE ALLY

So much is happening with dizzy speed on so many fronts and to so many of our Allies, that it is difficult to follow the whole vast panorama with impartial attention. The chief sufferer from this overcrowding of our field of vision is China. Mr. Neville Chamberlain's self-revelation when in the days of Munich he referred to Czechoslovakia as a distant country of which we know little, should serve us a warning. China, is even more distant, and it is a world of which most British people know even less than the late Premier knew of a people who had been linked with us in a close cultural interaction since the days of Wycliffe and Huss. The Chinese, in the last six months, have suffered a very painful disillusion. For over four years they had fought alone against Japan. Their case, indeed, was worse than that, for while we fed them with little except doles of rationed sympathy, we fed their enemies with aviation spirit and scrap iron. Suddenly, after the attack on Pearl Harbour, they found themselves members of the Grand Alliance. Events have dashed their hopes and they are now in a material sense worse off and more isolated than when they stood alone.

There is plenty to disturb the Chinese: the incompetence of our military record round the Indian Ocean and Indonesia was shocking; the indifference our conduct of the campaign suggests to Chinese interests and our failure to grasp their central place in the strategy by which the Allied team will eventually defeat Japan was enough to disturb even the stoical calm of Chungking. We have ourselves combated the policy of dispersal, which scattered weak forces to defend every doomed possession. But to our plea for concentration against Hitler we made from the first one exception: the Burma road, we argued, should be held at any cost. It was in fact lost by a combination of political ineptitude with military shortcomings, and the result is that the Chinese, armed only with rifles and a few mortars, can now be supplied only from the air. The Japanese, after this success, evidently felt that their lines were dangerously extended. They abandoned or postponed any idea of taking Ceylon or invading India or Australia, and concentrated their land forces against China. With American help we have managed to reinforce both Australia and India, but China has been left unaided, save for the support of a small contingent of American airmen and the delivery of such supplies as can be flown from India by air. Their south-eastern seaboard, hitherto relatively free from molestation, is being overrun and they are reduced to a none-too-successful defensive. It is not surprising that they are sore, and that spokesmen of theirs who are usually our best friends, notably Mr. T. V. Soong and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek have been speaking to America with a good deal of bitterness.

What is ultimately wrong in this relationship? We all know—and the Chinese who are the most cautious and reasonable of men know it too—that the claims on the chief Allies for munitions, shipping and reinforcements go far beyond our capacity. We cannot send enough either to Libya or to Russia. The physical difficulty of sending supplies to China is, moreover, baffling. In the long run the outlook has been vastly improved by the American naval victories in the Coral Sea and off Midway Island, and the struggle for the Aleutian Islands may give a new turn to events. The whole strategical picture will be transformed, if, as many expect, the Japanese are likely soon to attack Siberia. If more can be done with the scanty channels still available to send help, we would plead for the exercise of generosity and ingenuity: more bombers could surely be sent. But the root of the psychological mischief is that the Chinese detect in our neglect, past and present, the workings of our over-developed sense of the White Man's superiority. To those of us who know even a little of Chinese culture, such an attitude seems unintelligible. None the less, the Japanese are exploiting "colour" propaganda to the utmost. Only a big and imaginative act of statesmanship can put this right. We would suggest that the Anglo-Russian Treaty should have a sequel in a similar agreement between China, Britain and America. As Russia must, with Britain, be decisive in the eventual settlement of Europe, so China will be, in co-operation with the Americans and ourselves, the determining factor in Asia. The new picture there will reproduce very little if anything of the old imperial structure which crashed at Singapore and Rangoon. The future in this area lies with the Chinese and the Indians, if ever they can fit themselves for action. The way out of this tension lies in the frank recognition of the part which falls to China to-day and to-morrow. What we have contrived with Moscow let us repeat with Chungking.

Sebastopol and Tobruk

The news from the Russian Front is encouraging and serves to balance the darker picture in Libya. The Germans are dividing their forces between Sebastopol and the Kharkov front. The Crimean fortress, thanks partly to the Black Sea Fleet, partly to its rock shelters and difficult approaches, but chiefly to the spirit of its defenders, contrives with unbroken steadiness to hold up an enormous concentration of Germans. The only ground for anxiety is that its limited space allows it too little room for airfields, while the Luftwaffe is in superior force. The result of this brilliant defence is that the operations south of Kharkov seem to have come to a halt for lack of reinforcement. It is true that the Germans have at one point crossed the Donetz, but they have been unable to enlarge their bridgehead.

Information about the naval engagements against two convoys bound for Malta is meagre, but it is clear that our success was a very partial one. The Italians lost one cruiser, and two battleships were heavily damaged, but our own losses, though far less than the absurd Italian claims, were not light. In Libya we have managed to withdraw safely from Gazala. Our whole first line of defence, the minefield from Gazala to Bir Hakheim is now gone. We hold a shorter second line, defending Tobruk, which runs through Acroma and El Adhem. It in turn is now endangered by an encircling movement which Rommel is attempting from the south-eastwards. It is to be feared that a further withdrawal on our part may be necessary. The enemy's success has been due largely to superior anti-tank artillery, and to his capacity to draw reinforcements from overseas under cover of his formidable air force based on Sicily.

Home Front (*by an Industrial Correspondent*)

The coalowners have been arguing before Lord Greene's Committee which is dealing with their wage-application that any increase in wages ought to be made conditional on an increase in output. Clearly, with the Government still funking fuel rationing, everything possible must be done to raise the production of coal; but I wonder whether this is the right way of setting about it. To the extent to which low output is attributable to the miners, the cause is not a plain desire to be paid more, but an unrest in which the sense of relative underpayment forms only a part. The thing most wrong about the new coal scheme is that it is so much a patchwork of compromises that it is likely to do little to alter the psychological atmosphere of the pits; and till that atmosphere can be made healthier, I doubt if an output bonus will have much effect. Much more effect would follow a plain demonstration that the Controllers who are to be appointed under the new Ministry of Fuel are to be encouraged by the Government to make full use of their powers, whether the colliery owners like it or not. That wages will have to be raised seems by now to be almost generally agreed, though there is still difference of opinion about the form the advance should take. The miners are claiming both a guaranteed minimum of £4 5s. and a flat increase of 4s. a shift for adults and 2s. for boys. It seems to me that the case for the guaranteed wage is fully made out, and that some advance must also be given to the general body of miners. The proposal to link the increase to higher output presumably applies only to the general advance. The danger is that such a link might mean that the men who are earning most now would get more, and those who are earning least very little—at any rate if the output bonus were based on individual output or on each separate pit or seam. There are many pits in which it is probably quite beyond the miners' power to produce more than they are producing already; and many of these pits are old ones, or cases of thin seams, where present earnings are low. It would, no doubt, be possible to reproduce what was done in 1920 and base the wage-increase on a "datum line" of total output for the entire industry. But this would mean giving up the idea of applying a wage-incentive to the individual miner, and would mean in effect that wages would depend largely on the effectiveness of the measures taken by the Controller, rather than on the miners' own efforts. On the whole, it seems wisest to give a straight advance in wages, with a guaranteed minimum and to leave the problem of "incentive" to be dealt with in other ways. Reports suggest that the miners will get their award.

* * *

I presume the Government's main thought about the whole business of fuel is that it has escaped an awkward political crisis. It has in effect handed out enough, or seemed to hand out enough, to all its critics to make it impossible for them to force the issue. Rationing cannot now be introduced without further debate in the House—a concession which its opponents are trying to stretch into a pledge that Parliament will be given a chance of altering, as well as of merely accepting or rejecting, any plan the Government may bring forward. The miners have been placated with a Coal Council, which does not, however, seem to have been given any power except that of making itself a nuisance, and hampering the work of the Controller. The advocates of socialisation have been put off with a bevy of Controllers who may or may not be allowed to control. The mineowners have secured the continuance of the pits under separate private ownership: so that every manager and official will for the future have two masters, whose views may conflict. Finally, the future of the industry after the war is left open. Politically, this hotch-potch is undeniably ingenious, and has served its purpose. Whether it will also produce any additional coal we have, not too hopefully, to wait and see.

* * *

The secrecy about shipping losses is particularly unfortunate at present, because it encourages the opposite errors of optimism and pessimism. The optimists ignore the sinkings, and are consequently able to cherish illusions both about our own prospects for next winter and about the possible sinking of vast invading armies overseas. The pessimists get hold of lurid paragraphs which appear in American newspapers and journals, and exaggerate the seriousness of the situation even beyond what it deserves. There is a strong case for resuming publication of the true figures, even if it is decided to maintain a time-lag of several months. Figures so far in arrears could tell the enemy nothing that could be useful to them; and they would compel the British public to face the real facts. Presumably publication could now be authorised only in agreement with the American and perhaps with other Allied Governments; but there is no reason to suppose that agreement would be unobtainable if Great Britain were to take the lead.

* * *

Family allowances are now a part of official Labour Party policy. The question, it is true, has still to come up at the Trades Union Congress in September; and several big Trade Unions remain unconverted. But there appears now to be a clear Trade Union majority in favour of a State scheme; and the remaining question is whether the matter is to be allowed to stand over until after the war or is to be dealt with as a matter of immediate policy. There are difficulties in the way of dealing with it now. A large addition to total purchasing power is impracticable under war conditions; and the cost of the allowances would have to be raised from current incomes by taxation or by additional insurance contributions, or both. Moreover, it can be argued that with unemployment at a low level and unskilled earnings up in most cases the proportion of children under-nourished is smaller to-day than it was before the war. But many thousands of hard cases still remain; and it would be well worth while to start the system now if it could be handled in close connection with a general rationalisation of wage-levels. This, however, is hardly practicable unless the State is prepared at the same time to tackle the question of public control over industry; for the Trade Unions would certainly reject revised wage-arrangements unless they were combined with further infringements on "private enterprise" and a further move towards economic equality. Thus all the issues hang together; and the Government will probably refuse to touch the question of family allowances, except as a post-war matter.

The Future of the Old School Tie.

The big issues in education are the organisation of a common standard of primary schooling up to eleven, the future of the public schools, and the problem of religious education and the non-provided schools. Mr. Butler's speech to the House this week suggested that on some of these issues he still has an open mind. He has set up a number of committees. There is to be a Youth Advisory Committee under Mr. Wolfenden, of Uppingham. The idea there is to relate education with the Youth Movement. We welcome particularly the recognition of Mr. Henry Morris, who has done such remarkable pioneering work with the Cambridgeshire Education Committee. Dr. MacNair, of Liverpool University, is to inquire into teachers' training—which has been one of the worst parts of our educational system. For Lord Fleming, who has been appointed to preside over an inquiry into the future of the public schools, it is claimed that he has at least the advantage of not wearing the old school tie. He was, in fact, at Glasgow High School, a large, democratic day school which in our generation has produced an unusual proportion of authors and Cabinet Ministers. Among the problems of reconstruction we know of few more calculated to excite feeling than this problem of the public school. How many of them are to survive, with what proportion of scholarships? Ought they to be brought under public authority? Mr. Butler indicated the leaving age should go up to 15 or 16, and education continue in some form up to 18, and he said that a representative body was to consider industrial and commercial training and apprenticeship. But the debate mainly turned on the widening of the public schools. One of the few things on which most people are now decided is that public schools should cease to be private.

The Malaise of Parliament (*by a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

The Rev. James Barr, who likes always to be first at the House, said last week that "Members have become quite unknown, and, if we have not lost our identity, we have lost our distinction." Mr. Barr's words were the last spoken before the debate on the inspection of Members' Passes was adjourned. This lays down "That public officers on duty in the Palace of Westminster are hereby empowered, when so instructed by the Sergeant-at-Arms attending this House, to require Members to produce the passes issued to them." Passes were issued to Members at the Dunkirk period when invasion was expected any day, and when it was thought that the House of Commons might have to move. Lord Winterton thought the powers proposed in the resolution might be used by the Government to hold up Members hurrying in to vote in a Division. Nor was it good that the passes should be signed "Ancaster, Great Chamberlain," for this noble Lord does not hold a Government office or even a Crown office, but does hold an hereditary office. The ghost of King Charles and the Five Members flickered over the Parliamentary scene. In this debate on Passes there was a flare-up of resentment and irritation, and Members spoke of the crimes committed in the sacred name of security, of the lack of necessity for the measure and its slipshod character. Others wanted to know what was behind the proposal and whether it was intended to limit Members' freedom. One Member thought that policemen might come into the Library of the House or other places within it. A curious little incident revealing strain beneath the surface.

The coal debate did nothing to improve this situation. Differences between Sir John Anderson for the Government and Mr. Arthur Greenwood for the (very) formal Opposition were expressed. Aneurin Bevan made a fighting opposition speech roundly describing the proposals as "economic fascism," and the speech was heartily approved by many miners and others on the Labour benches. But the real discussions, active, bitter and extending over many crowded days, had all taken place outside Parliament between miners, mine-owners, experts, and members of the Government. The House was asked to rubber-stamp the result, and, with fairly numerous abstentions did so.

Parliament is increasingly uneasy at the rubber-stamping of coalition decisions without real Parliamentary debate, for it feels deprived of power and authority. It was after the end of the coal debate that Mr. Eden announced the news of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty—a great achievement. This was very well received. There were no dissentients. But neither was there any flame of passionate belief in Parliament as the instrument of the high purposes in war and peace which the Treaty makes possible. And Parliament wants to get power and authority for the peace, and before that for the memory of the story of what happened in Malay and in Burma and on other fronts. As yet there is no concerted movement in the House away from the coalition, but many individuals and some small groups are thinking in terms of a revival of a real working Parliamentary Opposition. For the moment the House awaits the occasion.

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THE ANGLO-SOVIET TREATY

THE last war ended in Archangel, not in Berlin. Once the Kaiser's Germany was defeated, the Allies set out on a crusade against Bolshevism. To-day, after twenty years of mutual suspicion, intrigue and hostility, a British Government, headed by the arch anti-Bolshevik of twenty years ago, has concluded a military alliance with the Soviet Union. Clearly the significance of this Treaty lies much less in its detailed provisions than in the proof it offers that the period of Soviet isolation is ended, and that at last there exists between the two countries a mutual confidence based on the recognition of common interests. This is a great victory for those both in the U.S.S.R. and in Britain who have been supportert of the "collective security," anti-isolationist view. An important step has been taken towards winning the war and the chances of the two dominant European Powers co-operating in the salvage of Europe and the structure of peace is immensely increased.

Announcing the Treaty, Mr. Eden informed the House that a "full understanding was reached between the two parties with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942." This is a great advance. Nothing could do more damage than a position in which the head of one of the United Nations complained to the world that his Allies were not helping in the supreme hour of need. The agreement in this communique is the result of full discussions, in which we believe there were no reservations, between the representatives of the Soviet Government, Britain and the United States. Several British Ministers have emphasised the decision to hasten the preparation for a second front: each of them has been careful to add qualifying words which show that a second front in Europe is now definitely Anglo-American policy, but that the date on which it can be opened must depend on events that are still uncertain. Obviously the date must be affected by such factors as the more successful convoying of American shipping and the outcome of the campaign in Libya, which now involves a heavy drain on supplies and communications. British resources are terribly scattered, and American still in process of mobilisation. All that can be said with certainty is that the Soviet Union is at last party to a joint strategy and that this strategy includes the planning of a second front, if possible, in 1942.

A further sign of advance is that no alarmed voices are raised when for the first time in history Britain enters into a twenty years' military alliance with another European Power—and a Bolshevik Power at that. No one shudders at the alliance or denounces it as a plot for world revolution. Stalin desires, as Britain desires, victory over the Nazis and a long peace to follow. Here is sufficient basis for agreement. Theoretically there must be a continuous struggle between the Communist State and the outside Capitalist world. The Soviet Union can never be safe while Capitalist Powers survive to plot against it, as well as to fight against each other. Stalin, as a good Marxist, knows that peace can only be achieved in the future Communist world. But he also knows that considerable periods of equilibrium are possible, and he sees that such a period may follow this war. We have no doubt at all about the sincerity of the twenty years' alliance on the Soviet or on the British side. Mr. Eden and Stalin have long agreed that conflict between Britain and Russia was unnecessary. The new treaty brushes aside ideological conflict with a phrase about "non-interference" in the internal affairs of other States. Instead it substitutes a general agreement designed to restore a new balance of power, not this time only in Europe but in the world. America, the Soviet Union, Britain and China are presumably the four pillars on which in the immediate period after the war the responsibility for preventing the renewal of war, for salvaging Europe, must rest. But no balance of power is ever more than a temporary and precarious equilibrium. The Treaty, therefore, promises an organisation for common action to prevent aggression in the future. No one is likely to attempt to rebuild the pre-war Geneva. When all the analysis is done, when the story of burked responsibilities and political cowardice and national selfishness is told and retold, we always come back to this—that a League, how good its paper constitution, composed of rival sovereign States, cannot succeed. Instead we are offered in this Treaty the limited promise of a union of "like-minded" States pledged to co-operate to keep peace and organise economic welfare. Pressed too far, the phrase is an easy butt for ridicule. But if we concentrate on two essentials —the defeat of the Axis and the post-war period when Soviet Russia and Western Capitalism will alike have a supreme interest in maintaining peace and restoring some sanity and economic well-being to Europe—we have the basis for a period of practical co-operation between a Soviet Union, suffering after a terrible war, a New Deal America and an England, we hope not wholly governed by the 1922 Committee. To say so much is to suggest no deceptive ease of co-operation. It is merely to urge that men need not, of necessity, always repeat the same errors all the time.

We note, too, further points of encouragement in the Treaty. No attempt is made to define frontiers. As soon as the Foreign Secretary had finished his statement, Mr. Greenwood asked if there were any "secret understandings" not written in the Treaty. Mr. Eden replied that there were none. Obviously Mr. Greenwood referred to the discussions arising from the desire of the Soviet Union for our approval of her intention once again to occupy the Baltic States after the defeat of Germany. In fact, a treaty on such a point has always seemed to us unnecessary and likely to cause more friction than the discussion is worth. If Germany wins this war the small States of Europe will be submerged. That we know. If the U.S.S.R., Britain and the U.S.A. are victorious in Europe then the desires of the peoples in the small countries will be taken into account in the future settlement. We hope this means that there will be the real substance of cultural autonomy and national self-government. That this should mean that small States will again be able to claim a sovereignty which has only brought disaster on themselves is out of the question. Eventually the States that lie along Russia's European frontiers will strategically and politically come within the Soviet security sphere —that is inevitable, and it would be silly to lay down any principle that pretended that the facts were not what they are.

We have reserved for the conclusion what may yet be the most important clause in the Treaty. Both sides reiterate their joint determination not to make peace or enter into negotiations with "Hitlerite" Germany—the phrase first coined for the Anglo-Russian agreement of July, 1941. They add that they will not do so with any Germany that has not clearly "renounced aggressive intentions." The phrase is vague: it could not be definite at a moment when the strain in Germany is only beginning to appear, and we have no clear picture of what Germany will emerge as the Nazi power declines and breaks. We are satisfied that by implication Britain and Russia agree that there must be an emergent Germany with which peace can be made. The Soviet Union, even when most infuriated by Nazi atrocities and most determined to end the Fascist menace, has never wavered in its effort to discover in Germany, as soon as possible, the forces which, by attacking the Nazis from within, may prove themselves the basis of Germany's future government. Every student of politics who is not carried away by some hysterical and sociological clap-trap which imitates the Nazis in attributing innate characteristics to national groupings, knows that in the long run Germans must administer Germany just as Englishmen must run England and Russians Russia. Those who attempt to shorten this war by the right appeal to anti-Fascist forces among our enemies will not find everything they need in this Treaty. But they will find a satisfactory outline. They have here the highest authority to contradict the propaganda of destruction which daily strengthens Hitler's hands. With the declaration of these fundamentalists of political warfare and of post-war co-operation, we may not unreasonably look forward to a period in which the Soviet Union and Britain approach each other with more realism and more respect. There has never been any good reason why the oldest capitalist Power and the modern Soviet Power should not agree on a common foreign policy, since both want, above anything else, to maintain the peace. Mr. Lloyd George wound up last Thursday's proceedings with a remark that was both poignant and true. Had this treaty existed some years ago, he said, "many grave blunders in foreign policy would have been avoided. Not only that, this war could never have occurred." It is still worth while to prevent the third world war.

THE LENINGRAD FRONT

"WERE you politically interested before you went to Russia?" I asked Mr. Leslie Kirch, who has just returned from ten months behind the Leningrad Front. "No," he said, "but I am now." He described an adventurous journey to Russia on October 10th last; he was part of an ambulance unit from Edinburgh, led by a Dr. Gautz. The funds were mainly American. There were eleven members of the party, all medical students, including two women. They have returned enthusiasts for the U.S.S.R. Much of their time was spent caring for men with frostbitten feet—mostly Russians of course, but some German prisoners among them. Mr. Kirch is on his way to the United States and hopes soon to be back in the U.S.S.R.

I asked him whether he had had to do with German prisoners, and what they had to say. He replied that the military authorities did not encourage conversation with prisoners. He had formed impressions from the incidental contacts of medical treatment. He said that the German soldiers were incredibly stoical; they seemed to have a kind of punch-drunkness. In spite of shoddy clothing and boots made of substitute leather with something like layers of paper on the soles, they stood up to the appalling cold and "took punishment" without either seeming enthusiastic for their cause or confident about the result of the war. Mr. Kirch felt that the arrogance very generally shown by the German soldiers really covered a depression and war-sickness. He thought many of them were sure deep down that they were lost. Some of the stories of Germans laying down their arms, he said, are certainly true; occasionally the reason seems to be a genuine respect for the Communist ideal, a feeling that they are on the wrong side. Mr. Kirch came across one young German, from one of the universities, who said he had surrendered to the people in whose hands "lay the salvation of the world."

What about the appalling atrocity allegations? Mr. Kirch could confirm them at least to the point of saying that he himself saw the body of a woman flung down on three sharpened stakes, and the bodies of men, women and children on collective farms, full of bullets, and so forth. The Russians seemed to have instructions to treat prisoners according to the International Prisoners of War Code; on the whole they did so. There were, no doubt, individual unofficial acts of revenge; that should surprise no one.

The ambulance unit was at first welcomed with some reserve by the Russian soldiers, who seemed to think medical care unimportant. When they came to realise that medical attention, especially on the preventive side, made for fighting efficiency, the feeling became much warmer. Although

there was great enthusiasm for Churchill, the public notion of the British as a whole was not very flattering, while the most unpopular person was Herbert Morrison because he was held responsible for banning the *Daily Worker*.

Mr. Kirch said that even during the big advances last winter the Russians were not over-optimistic. No headlines, no boasting; everyone knew there was a great deal yet to do and suffer. As an example of the general spirit, Mr. Kirch told the story of the 13-year-old peasant girl who saw her father and mother killed on their farm, got hold of a sawn-off shot-gun which she knew was hidden in one of the sheds, shot five Germans and then crawled or walked on bare, cut feet 48 miles to safety behind the Russian lines.

In Leningrad, food was perhaps 65 per cent. of what it used to be. Every luxury had been cut out. "Except," I asked, "artistic luxuries?" Mr. Kirch was enthusiastic in his agreement. There was superb ballet and opera, nearly all classical; many plays were running, including many "workers' plays," used as war propaganda. Prisoners are taken to special performances at the theatres with a running interpretation in German, so that a normal performance of an hour would take two hours. Another aspect of propaganda to prisoners is the broadcasting in the camps of war correspondents' reports from the front, and of the letters taken from bodies of prisoners.

Mr. Kirch met Olga Yselogov, a Russian woman parachutist, recently decorated with the Red Star, who has personally trained 128 women parachutist-instructors, who in turn have produced a force of over 6,000 woman parachutists. She herself has made descents from 5,000 to 32,000 feet. These women parachutists are often used to convey arms to advanced points; they are dropped with weapons strapped to their bodies, deliver them, and are then collected and taken back in lorries. There are now 34,000 qualified and experienced women pilots ferrying ambulance planes, trainers, etc. When the two women members of the unit left, unable to stand the cold, Russian volunteers were asked for. Three thousand came forward, and five joined the unit and worked with it until its return. Explaining why these women were free, Mr. Kirch said that though registered they had not yet been called up.

About A.R.P., Mr. Kirch said there was less external smartness; less smart uniforms and fine fire-engines, but there was great efficiency. He gave as an example the story of a famous building in Moscow which was one night hit by over 200 incendiary bombs, but was saved by five women A.R.P. workers.

On religion, Mr. Kirch said that he had been surprised when he saw the churches open and so much general support, without interference from Government. But more interesting were the many churches no longer used for religious worship. They were often turned into communal halls; where we have pews in our churches they had tables and crowds of soldiers playing games. Chess was the most popular. In these churches flags and pictures of Stalin replaced the altars, and a Brains Trust feature on the English pattern, with foreign journalists brought in to answer questions, had become a very popular form of recreation and instruction.

TOM PAINE

NEW TOWNS AND WAR INDUSTRIES

Is our post-war building programme in Great Britain to include the construction not merely of new houses, but of new towns? It has been widely suggested that it should, and in particular that we should set out to develop some of the great war factories, which have been built with Government money and to serve public needs, as the centres of new industrial development for the purposes of post-war production. Many of the largest of these factories are at present operated as well as owned by the Government, and others are operated as "agency" factories by private firms on the Government's behalf. Their construction has involved not only the provision and equipment of the factory buildings, but also extensive civil engineering developments for the supply of power, water, and facilities for transport; and in connection with them numerous hostels and other auxiliary buildings, as well as a number of houses, have been put up.

What is to become of these huge establishments after the war? It will be a colossal waste of capital and opportunity if they are merely dismantled and allowed to go out of use. They will not, for the most part, be needed in the post-war period for the continued production of the kind of goods they have been built to supply; and to a considerable extent their plant will be unadaptable to peacetime uses. Nor is it probable that in most cases there will be private firms willing to take over these vast undertakings, and adapt them to other kinds of manufacture, even though these buildings and their service equipment may have been excellently planned and may still be thoroughly up to date when peace returns. They are, indeed, in most instances much too big for there to be much chance of their remaining in use as single factories.

The obvious use for these great manufacturing enterprises is to convert them into trading estates not unlike those which were set up on a much smaller scale in certain of the distressed areas before 1939. In most cases this will be impracticable unless large programmes of house-building and other forms of civic construction are carried out; for a large proportion of the workers at present employed in these establishments are being forced to travel long distances to and from work. In consequence it will be necessary to build up in their immediate neighbourhood what will be in effect large new towns. As an example of the scale which such building might assume it may be mentioned that a single huge ordnance factory, which has done much to remove the burden of surplus labour from one of our worst distressed areas, has been planned to employ more workers than were employed in all the industries of Oxford before the war.

The creation of new towns based on the great war factories fits in admirably with projects for removing a part of the congested population of our older towns, and especially for the prevention of the rebuilding of pre-war slum areas on their old, unsatisfactory sites. It also fits in with the need to redistribute population out of areas which have been for a long time continuously depressed, and seem unlikely to recover after the war. A few years ago economic planning produced a proposal for the complete removal of the town of Merthyr Tydfil and its rebuilding on a new site. The new ordnance factory has in fact gone a considerable way towards achieving this, except that it has not provided houses or civic amenities for the large body of workers for whom it has found employment in the new area.

It will be asked what is to be produced after the war in such establishments when they are no longer needed for the production of munitions. The answer is twofold. Businesses which have been closed down during the war should be deterred from returning in all cases to their old locations. When the businesses which produce consumers' goods for the home market, or consumers' or producers' goods for export, are in a position to start up again after the war, it will be practicable to induce a considerable number of such factories to settle down in new locations—above all where they are of such a kind as to bring a desirable element of balance into the areas in which they are induced to settle. For example, before the war certain regions, of which South Wales was one, were notably short of light industries capable of employing a considerable proportion of female labour; and it would be much to the national advantage to establish such industries in these areas.

Secondly, there will be a great need of building, especially of houses, and of furnishing and equipment for houses, during the period of reconstruction. It seems certain that this building programme will require extensive measures of prefabrication—that is, of manufacturing standardised components for buildings by mass production. Furniture and house-equipment will also need to be mass-produced in very large quantities. These needs will provide an admirable opportunity for setting up on the proposed trading estates based on the great ordnance factories, a substantial nucleus of peacetime factories, which will be in a position to provide full employment as fast as they can be equipped, and to maintain this level of employment at any rate for a number of years.

It is immaterial whether these new factories dependent on the post-war building programme are to be publicly or privately owned. Let us assume that, in any case, the bulk of the other establishments which are induced to settle on the proposed estates will be conducted by private enterprise. It will be practicable for the Government to induce business men to take advantage of the opportunities offered on the estates by enabling them to rent factory space with services all ready for use, and thus to make a new start with much less capital than they will need if they have to build and equip brand-new factories at their own expense. This will be a very powerful inducement at a time when there is certain to be a severe shortage of capital.

It can be taken as practically certain that the form of development advocated in this article will not come about unless it is deliberately brought about as a matter of national policy. "Private enterprise," left to itself, will be disposed to welcome the abandonment of the war factories as clearing a formidable potential competitor out of the way, and to be quite regardless of the destruction of public capital which such an abandonment would involve. Moreover, the post-war development of the great war factories will be quite impracticable unless new towns equipped with the requisite civic services and amenities, are built promptly in their immediate neighbourhood. Such towns cannot in practice be built either by private enterprise or by the kinds of public housing enterprise which existed before the war. Local authorities of the existing types are not in a position to build new towns; they are led irresistibly to build suburbs immediately around their existing built-up areas. Further experiments in new town building on the lines of Letchworth and Welwyn will be impracticable during the period of reconstruction, owing to the sheer impossibility of raising the requisite capital on a purely private basis.

The plain fact is that, if we are to build new towns as part of our coming reconstruction programme, the job will have to be done under national auspices and with capital supplied at rates of interest which only the State can command. How can this key part of physical reconstruction be organised? The aim will be to create new towns, or cities, which will in due course become as fully self-governing as Manchester or Glasgow. But there will have to be an intervening stage between the decision to build and the arrival of the new communities at a condition of readiness for self-government. Surely the machinery needed for carrying out this vital work of city-making is, first, some sort of national planning authority which can both decide what sites are to be chosen for development and set up the requisite organisation for executing the approved plan. Secondly, to build the city and govern it till it is ready to take over, there should be a body of full-time Commissioners, responsible to the national planning authority and in close touch with the existing local authorities in the area, and also with the business, labour, cultural and other groups chiefly representative of local interests and points of view. These Commissioners could hold office only for a limited number of years and then hand over their powers to elected local authorities representing the populations of the "colonies" they had brought into being. Here, surely, is a solid contribution to the practical art of planning, and a hope that post-war building may not repeat the formless muddle of the pre-war building boom.

A LONDON DIARY

Fleet Street has long known about the negotiations for a Russian Treaty. There were also strong rumours of Molotov being over here to sign it a couple of months ago. When he actually arrived the rumours began again, and the experienced shook their heads and said they'd heard that before. A good recipe, this, for secrecy. Spread a rumour, prove it untrue, and then no one will take it seriously when it becomes true. When last week it was known that Molotov was actually here the Press behaved with great discretion. On Wednesday, when Fleet Street learnt that the statement was to be made in the House on the Thursday afternoon, it was still impossible for this journal, for instance, to mention Molotov's presence here in case writing down the words might lead to a leakage and endanger his safety on his return journey. Actually the journeys were very successfully accomplished. The huge Russian bomber in which he arrived in this country created the most favourable impression, I am told, with the R.A.F. The crew immediately leaped out and did all the overhaul of the plane themselves, refuelled it and set their own guard on it before they as much as had a bite or a drink. At mess, I gather, all the crew eat together on terms of precise equality, a different member of the unit taking the chair at dinner each night. Whether he is a mechanic or an officer all the others wait for the signal from the chairman before sitting down. While over here the Russian crew became really close friends with the R.A.F., ending up with a huge beano and singing contest between the R.A.F. and the Soviet Air Force. The Russians, as one would have expected, won this contest; they always have sung magnificently in chorus. The story illustrates a contrast between Tsarist and Soviet Russia. A friend, who knew Tsarist Russia tells me that he went out on a Russian battleship which was completely out of date and "as a battleship hopelessly inefficient." But everybody sang on it. "As a concert hall it was simply magnificent." To-day a Russian aeroplane is still a concert hall, but it is also a highly efficient aeroplane.

* * *

Almost everyone seems pleased with the Treaty. But there are still undercurrents that are worth watching. Witness reports of the speech of the Secretary of the 1922 Committee to his constituents at Finchley a few hours after Mr. Eden's announcement of the Treaty and the three-Power agreement on the second front. Captain Crowder certainly did his best to spread doubt and uncertainty, if not alarm and despondency. He thought the call for a second front "dangerous." Europe is not "the truly supreme stake" for us, though it is for the Germans. And anyway the captain found it "very difficult to agree that Allied intervention on the Continent at this stage on a large scale could turn the tide in the East. Did Captain Crowder, who boasted of how the Tories had killed the fuel rationing scheme which the Cabinet had declared urgent and essential for the war effort, want to give the impression that the 1922 Committee also wanted to wreck the agreed strategic plans of the Allied Governments? I noticed, by the way, that some sections of his speech seemed to be taken almost verbatim from the "Review" issued by the Imperial Policy Group to which I referred last week. I mention the fact because if the principal officials of the 1922 Committee—which is technically nothing more than the organisation of all Conservative M.P.s not holding Government posts—are in reality aligned with the Imperial Policy Group, then its function as a body representing the whole of Conservative opinion in the House is perverted.

* * *

I detect an odd (and doubtless accidental) similarity between the line taken by the most dangerous isolationists and former appeasers in the United States and by our own Right Wing Tories. A favourite bit of scarification and disruption among such people in America is the suggestion that what with wartime controls at home and association with Russia abroad, the war policy of the Administration is leading straight to revolution. Captain Crowder, for instance, by way of rousing the war enthusiasm of the Finchley Conservatives, tells them that the Labour Party is "using the war for Socialism" and that "a good many of the Left Wingers have seized the opportunity to prepare the ground for a political revolution directly after the war. They seize every opportunity to try to force nationalisation on industry with the excuse that it will help the war effort." One should have some facts to support even the most outrageous statements. I know of no case in which the Labour Party has tried to force nationalisation. It did not do so even in the case of coal, when it would have been justified purely on the basis of war efficiency. On the contrary, it accepted a reactionary coal plan. Captain Crowder is obviously playing Red Bogeys—mindful of the success of this game in 1924 and 1931. We know why the American Isolationists do it. Why does the 1922 Committee?

* * *

Most marvellous of all is the Crowderism that the B.B.C. is "generating Left Wing propaganda." What *can* this statement mean? In point of fact almost everything in the B.B.C. home service is Conservative in tendency. This kind of accusation again covers a well-known trick. Make people forget that 99 per cent. of the B.B.C. time assumes that all will be as it always has been, and the result is that this 1 per cent. of thoughtful matter is called "propaganda." On that basis, for instance, the Brains Trust, which is scarcely more than a stimulating form of amusement and politically colourless, can be attacked as "Left," even when its real point, as on Tuesday of this week, was only to draw attention by having a member in New York, with exciting possibilities of modern communications. Later, a magistrate talked sense about child delinquency. Was that "Left" propaganda? You will recall the success which these tactics achieved in the case of Priestley's broadcasts and in a similar campaign some years before the war. Then, too, the B.B.C. was accused of spreading Left propaganda. Then, too, the agitation was led by the 1922 Committee. The Member who played the leading role, however, was not Captain Crowder, but Captain Ramsay.

* * *

Nobody seems able to confirm or deny reports, originating in Vichy, that the Aga Khan is at present romping about German-occupied Paris. The reports themselves are rather less surprising than the explanation semi-officially offered in London, which is that perhaps His Highness was "persuaded" to visit Paris under the "influence" of his French wife. I should think this must be the first time for many years that anyone had suggested that the Begum had any influence whatever upon the Aga Khan in matters of this kind. If the Aga Khan has decided to come to terms with the German authorities it will probably not have involved any serious tussle with his conscience. As one of the richest men in Europe or Asia, he always moved naturally in the "super world" in which appeasers naturally flourish. As the head of an enormous religious sect whose votaries contributed largely to his funds, he had, apart from all other considerations, a considerable vested interest in "conservative" politics. In the years before Munich his name was frequently coupled with those of other millionaires and persons of title who found in Hitler their ideal "bulwark against Bolshevism." The Aga Khan himself visited Hitler and expressed his admiration for him. The Aga Khan was perhaps a suitable symbolic President of the League of Nations Assembly in the League's last agonies.

* * *

"My experience of wartime manners," writes a friend, "differs from that of David Scott, who wrote last week to lament their decay. I find people less formal but more humanly friendly than they used to be. For instance, last week I was in a London Food Office, a small stuffy room where two girls were dealing with changes in registration. A comfortable middle-aged body brought in a very old woman, white as paper and trembling with nerves at facing bureaucracy. She had lost both her husband's identity card and her own. The young official was patient and reassuring, helping her gently to make her cross on the application form—for she was illiterate. The other girl really had cause for irritation. A platinum blonde presented her with the cards of a touring chorus, all of whom had marked their food cards with their pet names, not with those of the identity cards. "Toots Johnstone—is that the same as Emily Johnstone?" She was quite placid through the tiresome sorting. I was overcome with admiration of officials discharging a wearisome, niggling job with perfect politeness."

* * *

London traffic-jams before the war were wasting millions of "man-hours" every week; and it is very generally assumed that no "rights of property" will be allowed to interfere with the replanning of the streets on a scale appropriate to their function. But perhaps this assumption is unfounded. One of the worst bottlenecks is opposite St. James's, Piccadilly, where a building jutted into the street. Thanks to the Germans, this building is now level with the ground. But, believe it or not, the pavement in front of it has been completely replaced in its original position. Is this a straw that shows which way an ill-wind is going to blow?

Critic

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to "Sundean."

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Deuteronomy, the Old Testament Book quoted with affection by Jesus Christ, had commendation from Mr. Philip Inman at a Barnstaple gathering last week.—*British Weekly.*

Great Britain has been responsible for nearly every major invention which has proved of benefit to the world.—A. M. Low in *Daily Sketch.*

Major Thornton-Kemsley, M.P. for Kincardine and West Aberdeenshire, wants a new party formed for the rebuilding of Britain after the war, to be called the British Democratic Party. . . . The party, of course, would be Conservative, Tory, or Unionist, Major Thornton-Kemsley indicated, in its politics, as he thought it very illogical to suggest that because the war had broadened sympathies peace must herald in the age of Socialism.—*Aberdeen Bon-Accord and Northern Pictorial.*

"I claim that the coal industry is the best-managed industry in the country."—Lord Londonderry in the House of Lords.

The speaker at a recent transport workers' conference demands that all boys must be educated primarily alike and at the same schools. The duke's son must learn to use his hands just like the dustman's. This is surely totalitarianism, the very thing we are fighting. If the parent who is able to afford it is unable to send his son to a school of his choosing, then our liberty has disappeared and tyranny stepped in.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

. . . . It was decided that the Internationale could not be played at Watford, even with muted strings. —*News Chronicle.*

AGAIN EDUCATION

At the Whitsun Conference of the Labour Party, Harold Clay moved on behalf of the Executive a resolution which affirmed a principle and made a number of proposals. The principle was that there should be a single unified educational system throughout the country, and that under this system education should be related to the capacities of the child and not to the means of the parent. Among the proposals were the raising of the school leaving age (without exception) to fifteen at the end of the war and to sixteen within three years thereafter, and attendance by all children over the age of eleven at common schools with common standards of teaching, staffing and accommodation. The resolution was carried.

About the same time the Liberal Education Advisory Committee published a report which is to be submitted for endorsement to the annual assembly of the Liberal Party in September. This also accepts the principle of the common school but demands its application more particularly to children up to the age of eleven. Some members of the Committee were in favour of the abolition of private schools for children over that age; but this proposal seems to have been rejected by the Committee as a whole on the ground that there is room for experiments in education, and that experiments are most likely to be carried out in unorthodox schools such as Quaker schools, Froebel schools and Rudolf Steiner schools. Hence private schools are to be retained but must be open to State inspection and conform in staffing and accommodation to certain generally accepted principles. Also, they must be run on a trust basis and not for private profit. Public schools will also be retained but grafted on to the general State-controlled educational system of the country.

The Labour resolution and the Liberal report illustrate a growing consensus of opinion in regard to education which crystallises round three points, the enormous importance of education, the fundamental inadequacy of the present system, and its revision in the direction of what is referred to as a "common system," based on the principles that all children should be given the *same opportunity* for education, irrespective of the bank balances of their parents; that for some part of the period during which they are receiving education they should be given the *same* education, and that when differences between the kinds of education given to boy and boy or boy and girl are introduced, these differences should be determined by reference to one consideration and one only—the ability of the child, having regard to his natural talents and endowments, to profit by one kind of education rather than by another.

Here, then, is a large measure of agreement. How is it to be implemented in practice? For an answer to that question I refer to a book "*Education for a New Society*," by Ernest Green, General Secretary of the W.E.A., which has just been published. Education has a number of purposes, and controversies as to its end and object are often needlessly embittered by the insistence of the protagonists upon one or other of them. Education, they say, is *for* life, or it is *for* citizenship, or it is *for* a career. In fact, of course, it is *for* all three. It is vocational, equipping a boy (in this article boy embraces girl) to earn a living as a skilled practitioner of a particular trade, craft or profession; it is social, enabling him to play his part as an alert and critically minded citizen of a democracy; and it is "humane"—I know of no better word—enabling him to become a fully mature human being through the development of his peculiar characteristics and gifts of body, mind and spirit, enabling him in fact to realise all he has it in him to be. Mr. Green does not rule out any of these purposes—which in practice overlap—but he is concerned chiefly with the second. He considers the function of education within the context of our existing social system, his object being to show "that of all the constructive tasks on which the nation is engaged, modern education offers scope for the most exciting adventure and promises the greatest social gain for the effort and expenditure involved." For the truth which Mr. Green makes abundantly clear is—if I may mix my metaphors—that education is the weakest link in a familiar vicious circle. How often have those of us who are concerned to advocate a particular reform been assailed with the objection that the reform is no doubt right and reasonable itself, but that it cannot be effected because of the opposition or obstruction of something else. When we are invited to look into the nature of the something else, we find that it cannot be removed because of the opposition and obstruction of some other thing, and so on, almost it would seem *ad infinitum;* so discouragingly, indeed, *ad infinitum* that to tamper with any part of the existing social structure is like trying to alter the position of a piece of furniture in an overcrowded room, in which to move any one piece involves moving the lot. This is particularly true of education, which is at once the prop and the mirror of a particular type of social system. You cannot, we are told, change education without changing the social system which it mirrors, and you cannot change the social system without changing the system of education by which it is supported and from which it is recruited. For example, you cannot expect a classless and an internationalist world so long as its citizens are taught snobbery and nationalism, and conversely you cannot expect a class-ridden and fiercely nationalist society to give equalitarian and internationalise teaching to its children. Parenthetically, is it not part of the criticism of the public schools which has been voiced in recent articles and letters in this journal that by offering a certain number of free places after the war, in return for a minimum of formal state supervision, they would be enabled—save for this small necessary admission of alien bodies—to continue as before in their own sweet way? This means, in effect, that they would in each generation pare away the top drawer of working-class talent and ability, de-class its contents and so sterilise them as effective instruments of social change, which, from the point of view of those who desire social change, is much as if a farmer were to set up an elaborate apparatus for separating his cream from his milk, and then to throw the cream away.

All this is true, but the circle can be broken, and it is from the point of view of those who would break it that Mr. Green's book is both useful and illuminating. It is useful because it demonstrates how intimate is the relation, how exact the correspondence between the degree of education and the degree of democracy which our society has, at different stages of its history, achieved. In an interesting table Mr. Green gives a list of political reforms side by side with the educational reforms which almost immediately succeeded them. Thus the first Reform Bill precedes the first state grant for education by a year; the second Reform Bill, the Forster Education Act by three years; the third Reform Bill, the Balfour Act by seventeen years; the Representation of the People Act of 1918 is simultaneous with the Fisher Education Act, while the Representation of the People Act of 1928 precedes the Bill to raise the school leaving age to fifteen by eight years. Thus each advance in education is conditioned by an advance in political democracy which is, however, always partially stultified by the fact that the citizens whom the political advance affects are insufficiently educated to rise to the challenge of their new opportunities. Mr. Green concludes that it has "not been thought necessary to provide the masses with either the quantity or the quality of educational opportunity which would have ensured the normal functioning of the new political system."

The book is illuminating because it exposes education as the chief chink in the armour of a class society through which those who would reform it may be encouraged to direct their attack. Here are some of the reasons for this view. First, there is the wide measure of agreement, to which I began by referring, that education must be reformed and that the principle of reformation must be that of equality of opportunity. Secondly, there is an almost equally widespread dissatisfaction with the products of the public schools. Our governing class are, it would seem, no longer efficient even by their own standards, and Malay and Burma have shown that we could have done with a lot less character (if gossip, bridge, golf, whisky, a belligerent low-browism expressing itself in a hearty dislike of art, literature and thought, and a capacity for leadership expressed in an immeasurable disdain of men with differently coloured skins, the whole suffused by a sublime consciousness of ineffable superiority, may indeed be called "character") in exchange for a little more brains. Thirdly, there is the economic factor; the class from which private and public schools have been recruited is unlikely any longer to be able to afford their fees; the state, then, must willy nilly take a hand. Fourthly, there is a diffused idealism abroad which sees equality of educational opportunity as an avenue, perhaps the most direct avenue, to that new world of social justice which we have been promised after the war.

I end with two warnings from Mr. Green. Don't let us when we come to the adults hesitate to adopt compulsion. "All men," said Aristotle, "have the need, but few the desire for education." Aristotle is borne out by figures of the numerous facilities for part-time education for adults offered by the W.E.A., the Universities, and by the various Art, Technical and Literary institutes. Of these only one in twelve of the insured population took advantage in the best year, and of those who did, only one in one hundred and eight was interested in any of the social studies. Secondly, don't let us postpone until after the war what ought to be done now, or it will never be done at all. Mr. Green reminds us that Mr. Fisher in his *Autobiography* "affirms that had he not succeeded in piloting his Bill through the House of Commons in the last year of the war, it would not have secured approval *after* the war when a period of reaction followed the wartime penitence of a chastened and sobered people."

C. E. M. Joad

BRITANSKY TANKOGRAD

"British-built tanks have been successfully used by the Russians on the Smolensk front. This statement was made to press representatives in 'Britansky Tankograd' (British Tank Town) to-day."—*Sunday Times*, May 31st.

Somewhere in the Russian forests,
Somewhere in the zone of battle
Stands an Anglo-Soviet stronghold,
Bristling bastions of metal.
Lanes of giant Panzer-breakers,
Massed divisions, armour-clad,
Forged and built by British makers,
That's Britansky Tankograd.

Whippets, Valentines, Matildas, through the eastern pinewoods roll,
Tanks from Cardiffstrovsk, Leedsk, Glascow, Manchestrovno, Bristopol.

Forward to the Central Sector
Pours the mighty flood from Tanko-
Grad to rumble into action
With the tanks of Timoshenko.
Over versts of plain and ocean
Moving up without a hitch,
Thanks to Commissar Churchillov,
Thanks to Beaverbrookovitch.

Tanks from Rotherhamsk and Jarrov Soviet
England's pride and Soviet's joy,
Tanks from Liverpolsk and Derbyev, Brumgorod and Coventroi.

Sagittarius

ELEMENTARY NOTES ON STRATEGY AND STATECRAFT

General Principles

Burleigh and Drake show the perfect combination of statesman and leader in the field. But if Burleigh had attempted to singe the King of Spain's beard and Drake had carried on nothing but evacuations and withdrawals "according to plan," the British Empire would not have been born.

That is to say, you need intrepidity in your leaders in the field, and caution in your heads of the State—not rashness in your political leaders and military spokesmen and caution in your military leaders.

Indeed, it is possible to go further, and say that rashness in political leaders, a wish to go ahead without providing the means for the action, is the chief inculcator of caution in your leaders in battle.

Words are my calling, and I respect them. But words do not kill the leaders of foreign powers, or their forces. If words alone could win a war France would never have fallen, and the democratic leaders everywhere would have won it once a week.

Thought, however, and careful planning of a new kind, though based on the eternal principles of Victory, *can* win a war. You must clothe thought with deeds, not words with words.

Mussolini, before his first grab, told his troops, as he bade them farewell, that it was "better to live like a lion for a day than a sheep for a hundred years. . . ." But "a man's a man, for a' that," and it is better for him to live like a man for a lifetime than like a lion for a day or a sheep for a hundred years. . . . And sheep do not live for a hundred years.

The chief difference between a man and a sheep is the ability to think and to act. The chief difference between a man and a lion is the ability to think *before* acting.

Arms

A General has, in a democratic country during peace-time, no chance of practising strategy on the grand scale.

The reason that English generals in particular are not invariably successful in battle, is not because they have been sent to public schools—as people at large, here and in America, appear now to imagine (that system of education might prove a grave disadvantage to a poet, painter or composer, but never to a general). It is because—apart from the fact that the best and most typical English fighting brains are more attracted to the other services—for a long time past we relied on the French General Staff, and, in addition, gave our own General Staff no large armies to train. Sometimes we gave them a few men, sometimes weapons, but never enough of either—and never both together. For this the English public, who elect their representatives, and *not* the Generals, are to blame.

A democratic people, caught in a war it did not want, responds bravely but conventionally. It feels itself obliged, first of all, to raise an enormous army. Then it has to arm this force with modern weapons, then to train the army to use them, and finally to train the generals to use the armies that have been in the end trained to use modern weapons. This last process takes as long as all the rest put together. . . . But is this whole great and cumbersome machine necessary? Is it not, as to 5/6ths, a convention?

Those who uphold universal and compulsory service in times of peace maintain that it is good for a nation; but compulsory ways of thinking are not so good. . . . If we want to win a war, we must be ourselves—that is to say, *insular*. We must profit by our long experience. It is not yet too late.

We are continually told by our politicians that fresh efforts are necessary." What *is* wanted, not renewed effort at something that has already proved a failure, but new ways of thinking. Nor must we allow the preachers and our Puritan blood to persuade us that sacrifice and suffering will by themselves win the war.

Slogan:

If you want to win the War,
Suffer less, and Think More.

If you want a Quick Success,
Think Again, and Suffer Less.

Preparedness

The present war is due to a failure in Diplomacy more than to the failure to arm. You should never allow yourself to be manœuvred into a position where you have to arm almost beyond the human capacity to bear it.

Universal service may or may not be good for the youth of a nation; but for every man in a state to have to be a soldier, is basically as ridiculous as for every man in a state to have to be a policeman; which is plainly absurd.

Though the breakdown to which we have referred was diplomatic, it is, of course, true that diplomats who represent unarmed countries cannot thump the table with much authority.

But that seemed to make them want to thump it more.

Politics and Politicians

When the public begins to say of a leader "But who could possibly replace him?", it means that the possibility is occupying the public mind and that a change is coming.

It is better to be an English politician than a French. No wonder English politicians despise French ones! There may be doubts as to which politicians in France were most responsible for the collapse, but if it had occurred in England we should know; the guilty would by now be earls.

The French people, owing to past sufferings, was too sensitive to war.

Yet insensitiveness alone will not win it. A programme of "taking it," combined with a series of ill-thought-out and ill-conducted minor adventures, such as Dakar, combined with a catastrophic insensitiveness to catastrophe, will not of itself "achieve final victory."

On the other hand, an ill-conducted minor offensive is, of course, better than an ill-conducted major one. We grumble not at size, but quality.

News and Propaganda

Newspapers are—or should be—the brains of the people.

The B.B.C. is the voice of the Government pretending to be the ears of the people.

A shortage of newsprint is convenient for the Government in power. If a newspaper has only half of its peacetime supply, it must either devote one-half of the space it formerly devoted to Government mistakes—which, on the contrary, in wars are always larger and more mortal—or only circulate them to half the former extent.

Broadcasting offers a pulpit and not a platform, for the speaker cannot be answered back. It inculcates an inexpedient feeling of infallibility.

The English public has been for so long misled that it has grown to believe a strategic withdrawal to be a greater military achievement than a strategic advance. But it will not believe it for ever!

OSBERT SITWELL

TRAVELOGUE

I MET a farmer in a village inn during the week-end, to whom I said something about the terrible weather we had been having in town—whether it was too hot or too cold the authorities do not permit me to reveal. Lowering his pint of beer to the table he said to me with a shake of the head and a smile: "You know, that's a place I have never been to." His farm was not much more than forty miles from London, and I had more or less taken it for granted that everybody in the Home Counties over the age of twenty had at least got as far from home as Victoria Station. It surprised me to find that a man who could easily have afforded to go to London was as immune from the pull of its magnetism as if it had been the North Pole. "No," he said philosophically, "I never could take any interest in travel—or in games. I never even played cricket."

Such indifference to games seemed to me to be not quite human. But I could not help wondering whether I myself, if I had had a private income, would ever have travelled as far as London. It is true that London is much farther away from my native city than it is from a village in the county of Kent. Still, the fact is that I never visited it until I was compelled to do so by economic stress. As a child I used to find my heart beating faster as other people returned from their travels and told me how, as you lay in bed in a London hotel, you could hear the tramp-tramp of millions of feet walking the pavements all night long. London I thought of as a city that never went to bed. I do not know why the all-night susurrus of human feet on flagstones should have seemed so romantic, but in those days my chief reason for wanting to go to London was to lie in bed listening to this. Even so, when I was at last promised a holiday in London and, the programme having broken down, I was offered instead a Waterbury watch or a half-sovereign if I stayed at home, I accepted the Waterbury watch or the half-sovereign—or both—without any heart-breaking sense of loss.

Perhaps I have always been too vulnerable to bribery. I remember how as a small boy I had a ticket that entitled me to see the Prince of Wales who afterwards became King Edward the Seventh, and how, an aunt having arrived unexpectedly from the country, I ceded my ticket to her for a wretched shilling. Obviously one of Nature's mercenaries.

London, too, seemed extraordinarily dangerous in those days. It is true that at home we had religious riots, fought as a rule by the least religious members of the opposing sects, and that these loomed larger in our imaginations than any of the wars we read about in our school histories. But London had terrors unknown to a homely, religiously riotous city. Jack the Ripper stalked its streets by night—a worse than Bluebeard of the slums. I, whose ideal of happiness was to be among horses on a farm, or to watch boats entering and leaving a seaside harbour, could scarcely be expected to have any great desire to take ship in order to visit the environs of bloodstained Whitechapel.

The more I heard about London, indeed, the less I liked it. A boyish cousin returning home told me how it was almost impossible to stop to look into a shop window in Fulham Road in the evening without pickpockets creeping up, lurching into you, and making off with your watch. As I had recently inherited a silver watch from an uncle, I had even less desire than before to visit the metropolis of pickpockets.

Even so, there were attractions in London. There was Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle. I should have liked to hear Spurgeon, who then seemed to me a more Titanic man of genius than Henry Irving. Then there was Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple. Vain, people said, but, if I had come to London, I am sure I should have been more excited by the prospect of hearing him than of seeing J. L. Toole on the stage. A Welshman once said to me in his cups: "You know, old bloke, there's nothing I enjoy more than a b——y good sermon." And I confess that I, too, inherited the seventeenth century taste for sermons. The churches of London were in those days, so far as I could gather, the rivals of the theatres in their appeal to the imagination; and I have no doubt that if I had come to London before the age of fifteen I should have made the round of them.

Buckingham Palace, too, attracted me. I had never seen a palace, and the word "palace" suggested a place of illuminated splendour almost equal to modern Broadway. Later, when the passion for the theatre was born, the Lyceum became one of the holy places that would be well worth a visit. But about this time I began to think that America was the only country worth going to, if any other country than my own was worth going to at all. Thoreau's Concord seemed

to me to be the heart of the world's wisdom; and to breathe the air that Emerson and Whitman once breathed seemed even more desirable than to breathe the air once breathed by Spurgeon and Dr. Joseph Parker.

As I had not the price of a ticket to America, however, I gave up an ambition to travel anywhere; and, like the Kent farmer, I should have been perfectly content to spend the rest of my life at home. Not anywhere at home, of course, but on the top of a small hill among fields surrounded with rickety stone walls, not far from a pond and a flax-scutching mill, and within fairly easy reach of the sea. Alas, I had not the means to fulfil even this modest ambition. Hunger turns us all into nomads, and, despite my indifference to travel, I found myself one night threshing my way across the salt sea in search of bread—a voyage that ultimately precipitated me into Pimlico, London, S.W.

I have, I may say, no complaint to make of the fate that cast me on the banks of the muddy Thames. I refer to it merely to show that the Kent farmer is not the only man who never of his own accord visited London. And ever since I have lived in London I have found that Londoners themselves are in surprisingly large numbers indifferent to the appeal of what I suppose is the greatest city on earth. I have seldom met a Londoner who has been down the river past Greenwich on a moonlit summer night and seen the procession of barges with their tall sails coming up with the full tide. It is a scene that would be famous if it were in Venice, and Londoners who had spent two nights getting there would rave about it. But a strange incuriosity prevails among Londoners in regard to the sights of their own city. Consider how eagerly we hurry from church to church when we are abroad. Yet how few of us had ever been inside most of the churches that were bombed in the air raids on London! One would hear a woman on the top of a bus, as it passed the broken shell of Saint Clement Dane's, saying to her neighbour: "That's Oranges and Lemons." But it is doubtful whether she had ever been inside it or taken any interest in it except as a church mentioned in a nursery rhyme. Mr. James Bone recently quoted a passage from Dickens which proved that even the greatest of Londoners shared in some measure the general indifference of Londoners to London. "It came into my head one day," wrote Dickens, "here I had been cultivating a familiarity with all the churches of Rome, and I know nothing of the old churches of London."

Such admissions as these by Londoners of their ignorance of London take the foreign visitor's breath away. Some years ago the late Mr. Justice Eve, a Londoner born, made a speech in which he said:

> "I was born in the gentle neighbourhood of Finsbury Circus over seventy years ago, but I have to confess that I know very little about London. You will no doubt have a great shock when I tell you that a man who was born there so long ago has never seen the interior of the National Gallery, National Portrait Gallery, Tate Gallery, British Museum, South Kensington Museum (save once), the Mint, Madame Tussaud's, Bank of England, the Tower. I have never heard an opera or a classical concert, have entered a theatre or a picture palace only a dozen times in my life, and have visited St. Paul's once."

He added: "I have never crossed the threshold of any famous drapery or fancy business house, and I don't like London."

If a public man with an income sufficient to allow occasional orgies of locomotion can care so little for the spectacle of the life, contemporary and historical, of his native city, it is not to be wondered at that to less wealthy and less expensively educated Londoners London remains in effect "a place they have never been to." A stockbroker once confessed that he had never visited the Tate Gallery, which he thought was "somewhere south of the river," and that he has never been as far as Tulse Hill which he thought (mistakenly) was "somewhere near Highgate." The majority of Londoners probably do not know whether Hoxton or Bermondsey is south or north of the river, and most of them have never seen cricket at Lord's, Rugby at Twickenham, or a race meeting at Alexandra Park. Only a tiny fraction of them could take you to Mr. Pickwick's hotel, the George and Vulture, in the City; and most of them have never even heard of Bunhill Fields.

We cannot be surprised that that enthusiastic Londoner, Mr. W. Margrie, known as the Sage of Camberwell, felt inspired to found the London Explorers' Club, and to guide his fellow-citizens not only among the vestiges of antiquity but to the even less well-known teashops of Peckham.

Perhaps the present dearth of facilities for travel will result in more and more Londoners awaking to the possibilities of holiday travel in their own capital. After all, Americans have for generations thought London worth crossing the grey Atlantic to see. They rank London, indeed, among the world's wonders, not far below the Giant's Causeway. I am not sure that it is worth coming from America to see, but it is certainly worth seeing if you live in London or even on a farm in Kent. If only Londoners—confirmed lovers of foreign travel—realised the astonishing fact that of all western European cities London is for the greater part the most foreign to them, they might begin to appreciate it like American visitors, ending with a dinner at Simpson's or the Cheshire Cheese.

Y. Y.

HOLIDAY

Now the garlanded earth clasps
the golden streamers of her pole;
the planets like a peal of bells
swing lofty for heart's holiday.
Now in tingling hours like wasps,
fierce as the tiger's flaming skin,
earth and her companions sway
naked Salome to the sun.

Oh, but there's thunder in this light,
and all the after midnight when
beneath the groaning of the wain
the cocks crow at the seventh flash
because the moon rises late.
Then fear leaves no dark thing undone
—horrors that strain the velvet leash
— nor any hound whistled in.

But holiday shall bring the Ram
into the Scorpion's house of life,
teach the bright-feathered sun to live
till the malevolence begins.
The world and we pour into flame
A flesh that mocks the running air,
a spirit that is bells and suns,
a day that rocks the dancing spire.

TERENCE TILLER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Get Cracking," at Unity Theatre

Unity Theatre opened on Thursday of last week with another "musical show with political point." To the gayest of tunes by Mr. Berkeley Fase and others, aeroplane production soared, industry revolved quicker, a second front was called for, and generally red tape fought a losing battle with the red flag. One of these themes—the second front—had been effectively lifted a couple of hours before by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons. However, Blimp remains, calling for more blanco, and there is still Mr. Morrison holding out against the *Daily Worker* and beginning "2D or not 2D, that is the question." Satire hits hardest in a commentary on a football match between red-tabs and commandos; the former take up their position with two backs and nine goalkeepers, and from time to time are seen "successfully withdrawing the ball from the net." The best cracks on apathy and class distinctions are provided in "Conversation in Torquay." Otherwise this show does not rise to the wit and fun of its predecessors. It lacks a good comic villain, and jokes about Blimp are liable to be as old as the Colonel himself. But the difficulties of producing this revue must have been immense. Mr. Geoffrey Parsons, as "compiler," manages to be politically audacious at a time when no other stage in England conveys a hint of social or political criticism.

"Twelfth Night," at the Arts

We have had *Twelfth Night* produced extravagantly on a West End stage, with pastoral background in a London park, and now there is the Arts Theatre Club performance in an intimate drawing-room atmosphere. Mr. Alec Clunes' production is good and breaks away from the conventional. For instance, his transposition of scenes one and two in the first act makes for better continuity, but surprises an audience expecting the best known of all first lines of Shakespeare. Convention is cast aside, and here perhaps ill-advisedly, in producing the part of Olivia, for Miss Vivienne Bennett plays vivace—at times molto vivace—and shows no signs of the haughty, sad, great lady; instead, she appears from the first as a petulant though lively girl, gay in her dress. Her mourning is borne vicariously by three female mutes, who are in constant attendance. Jean Forbes-Robertson, already famous as Viola, plays brilliantly throughout, though on some occasions the poetry of her lines is lost in swagger. Russell Thorndike and Denys Blakelock make good the parts of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew with true Elizabethan buffoonery. Malvolio is played by Walter Hudd in too staccato a manner, Joyce Redman takes every advantage in the part of Maria, but Alec Clunes is rather out of scale as Feste, and there should have been some accompaniment for his songs. The incidental music would seem to starve love rather than to feed it.

THE MOVIES

"The Maltese Falcon," at the Regal
"Roxie Hart," at the Odeon

The Maltese Falcon has nearly everything a mystery film should have. First, enough mystery to keep us guessing and not so much as to make curiosity hang on an explanation. Second, a wonderfully convincing set of characters, including a tough private detective (Humphrey Bogart), a gross jewel-hunting pansy (Sydney Greenstreet) and his seedy gun-boy, and Peter Lorre in his most disarming and neurotic role. Third, admirable photography of the sort in which black and white gives full value to every detail, every flick of panic. (Who can imagine a detective story in technicolour? But I suppose it will come, perhaps from Sir Alexander Korda.) Fourth, dialogue that has no time to settle in corners and ask questions of Life: the technique is that of strip-poker, with everyone, more or less, losing to everyone else. Not even the detective in this case ends up with much in the way of winnings or glamour.

This film, directed by John Huston, is rich in sardonic revelation and belongs to the vintage period of American gangsterdom. It lowers the tension of the original novel by Dashiel Hammett only in leaving out the sex relations involved in this complex of jewel-thieves, corpses, tecs and cops. At the end Humphrey Bogart has to stand for a moment grimly watching the lift-gates close as his mistress is taken away to be tried for murder. But the moment lacks its pang, because in the film it is never hinted that they are lovers. Why not? Would this final horror have outraged the feelings of an audience that has swallowed blackmail, murder and theft?

The new Ginger Rogers film satirises the heyday of racketeering with a success story of Chicago in the 'twenties. Chicago in the 'nineties could hardly have been gayer, as we flash back to the bad old days when the prettiest girl in town could launch a career by being hauled off for murder. The press pile up her story like a carnival wagon; the jail hums with free lunches, tableaux for the front page, heart-rending confessions, plans for the future; and the trial itself goes with as much swing as any first-night on Broadway. In this atmosphere of gaiety Miss Rogers, curly-headed, short-skirted and perpetually chewing gum, flowers wonderfully as queen of the goal; she stages a grief or a little stranger to be born behind bars as naturally as she breaks into the rhythms of the "Black Bottom." Parody and infectious horse-play bubble up from every moment of her performance, and Adolphe Menjou, as her lawyer-impresario, sheds a radiance, too. *Roxie Hart* is the best light film I have seen for months.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

ANGLO-SOVIET FRIENDSHIP

SIR,—Miss Macaulay's protest against "uncritical and pathological Soviet worship" expresses what has long been felt by many of those most anxious for real Anglo-Soviet co-operation and friendship. It seems probable that our feeling is shared by many Russians who have had opportunities of observing the matter. They are far too intelligent to believe that anyone is infallible, even Mr. Stalin. History does not tell us, but we can imagine, what Aristides himself thought about his adulators. Nothing more won the hearts of the British public than the way in which the Soviet Trade Delegates during their short visit behaved, not just as polite visitors, but as allies who had a right not only to observe but to query, criticise and suggest. Why suppose that Russians feel differently about frank speaking? Why treat them as some doctors treat an hysterical patient? "Hush! Don't contradict him; he is so sensitive; he might have a heart attack."

In international as in personal relationships, while they are slight and formal, politeness and tact may suffice. But real friendship and permanent partnership, such as that to which our two nations have now pledged themselves, can only grow out of mutual understanding and out of the habit of working together in a spirit of sincerity and truth.

House of Commons. ELEANOR RATHBONE

SIR,—Mr. Inkpin's letter is an excellent example of the attitude of which Miss Macaulay complains. He writes: "If only we could have been brought to say that the Soviet Union was wrong in its home or foreign policy, or over the trials, or the Soviet-German Pact, or Finland, or the Baltic States, or some of the hundred and one things for which the Soviet has been attacked but regarding which everybody now admits it was correct, how much nicer and more accommodating we should be."

Surely it is permissible for even the warmest admirer of Russia's achievements to question her entire wisdom in some of these matters? Almost every other state in Europe has in the last 20 years committed deplorable blunders; the Soviet alone, according to her "friends," is infallible. Such claims tend merely to irritate those who, in spite of their admiration, still retain their critical faculties.

St. Andrews, E. P. YEATES
Warminster, Wilts.

CASH OR KIND

SIR,—Miss Eleanor Rathbone has done much to advance the project of family allowances: it is therefore disappointing to see her troubled by looking at it from a different angle.

She wades into the subject of payment in kind, looking for trouble, and at the first step overlooks what is obvious—one of the advantages of payment in kind is the simplicity of administration.

But first it must be pointed out that the payment of 5s. per child either in cash or kind is not intended to, and never could, feed and clothe that child in entirety. Whatever the form of the grant, it can only be a contribution towards these expenses. This being so, no consideration need be taken for gluts of fish, coupons for vegetables, home-produced eggs, and all the difficulties enumerated by Miss Rathbone.

The scheme I advocate is to give free to every child the goods covered by the present food ration book (excluding points rations). The grocer would retain these coupons, and in exchange for them would be reimbursed by the State (with perhaps a small commission for extra book-keeping). All the goods so given would be the ordinary commodities necessary to every household either rich or poor.

It is now generally agreed that any scheme should be a charge upon the community, and should be available for all children, but until more equality in other spheres is attained, it would seem necessary to leave in operation the present income tax allowance for children. The result of this would mean giving those with taxable incomes two forms of family allowances, but this could be easily adjusted by reducing the present income tax allowance for children so that extra tax is paid equal to the family allowance grant. The information needed is already on record, so this eliminates any necessity for a means test.

If all classes were recipients, any loss of dignity as suggested by Mr. Rowntree, would be avoided.

Some of the advantages of the payment in kind are:

(1) It ensures that the benefit goes towards the child's food.

(2) The fluctuating value of a money payment would be ruled out.

(3) It would be an incentive to the Government to keep down the prices of most of the essential foods (in peace time).

(4) The simplicity of administration.

Whatever are the individual views of advocates of family allowances, do let us try to avoid the democratic failing of splitting hairs. The greatest opportunity of getting a scheme of family allowances into operation presents itself now—let us not lose this opportunity. MISTLETOE MURRAY SCOTT

ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR,—Mr. E. T. O. Slater should know that Jewish synagogues are open to the public just like other churches. That because Jews do not wish to eat certain articles of diet is not a cause for anti-Semitism. Poor Jews are not the cause of anti-Semitism. It is only when Jews become comfortable and live according to their position in life that ill-feeling is aroused.

This in my opinion points to jealousy. "Live and let live" should be practised in every civilised country.

Anti-Semitism in every country could be prevented by State action.

Mr. Slater and a few thousands of his friends settling in any colony would not last very long without State protection or arms. H. BLAKE

AN AFRICAN POINT OF VIEW

SIR,—Many British people, anxious though they are about the welfare of the Africans in the Colonies, do not seem to realise that those colonies are peopled by human beings. On the other hand, when they do remember to mention "natives" in their learned discussions, they often seem to create the impression that the Africans are themselves incapable of contributing to constructive progress. Is it not high time they knew better than to assume that the Africans are merely clay to be moulded according to British designs? Aren't the Africans expected to have any legitimate ideas about their lives? Judging from the disorganisation which European impact has effected already on African life, one might have expected that the authorities would wish to formulate their new plans in direct co-operation with experienced African leaders. How else could any plan really succeed?

The Africans are no longer impressed by the roads, railways, and harbours which are repeatedly pointed out to them as symbols of British achievement. They believe that African government can achieve those things too. Their main concern therefore, is not how much good British rule can do, but whether the Africans are being entrusted with those responsibilities without which no people can ever attain self-government. Surely, no one can make a subject people free by continually running their affairs for them. Freedom is not a thing anyone can give away to other people, though one may direct those people according to some plan which will enable them to achieve it for themselves. But where in British Colonial policy is there any co-ordinated plan whereby the real cultural and political progress of the Africans can be assessed and purposively directed?

Although the Africans are only ruled indirectly in

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JONATHAN CAPE

some of the colonies, yet they are not blind to the complete power which the colonial governments exercise. They know that they have no effective voice in the government of their own country. Yet some authorities spend their energy explaining away the just way in which the colonial governments enforce their power, without realising that the main concern of the Africans is not so much the justness of that power, as its challenge to the spirit of democracy, and to the ultimate freedom of the Africans themselves.

Admitted that Britain has the power, let us assume also that she has the moral right to make decisions for the Africans. We are still left with the grave doubt as to whether she can achieve for the Africans those things which she has long neglected to achieve for her own masses. The Africans regard European influence as the same, whether that influence is good or bad, simply because it tends to divide African life into competing and apparently unrelated complexities. It is evident, therefore, that the real emergence of the Africans as a people of genius must bear some relation to the reconstruction and revitalisation of their finely co-ordinated communal life as the foundation of their progress. One is tempted to ask how a non-socialist Britain expects to achieve socialism for Africa!

It is quite evident and urgent that the British people should first be educated about "their colonial possessions." At the present moment some of the people seem quite unable to retain any facts about Africans except what was prevalent knowledge about them a century ago. At their best, such people regard the Africans, whether in uniform or not, as foreigners, who deserve all the petty malevolence they get for being racially different. Again, some of the people, who, in this war, are pressing for equality of sacrifice in all the British possessions, are nevertheless individuals, who pride themselves on their primitive antipathy towards Africans, though they are not unwilling to use the Africans for their own ends.

KOJO-OW DZIFA

LEES-SMITH MEMORIAL

SIR,—It is not general knowledge that the late Mr. H. B. Lees-Smith, M.P., added to his varied political and academic activities a keen and practical interest in hospital work. He was a founder in the last war of a British military hospital at Dieppe, which was later moved to Yvetot. He induced the boot and shoe workers of Northampton (which he represented in Parliament) to levy themselves one penny a week for the upkeep of this hospital. Thence grew the present Industrial Orthopaedic Society, with its centre at Manor House Hospital, Golders Green. He was the first President of Manor House and maintained extremely helpful contact with it until his death. Many one-time students of Ruskin College, Oxford, who, like ourselves, had the inestimable benefit of studying under him, wish to acknowledge their debt by the erection of permanent and worthy memorials at Manor House and at Ruskin College. Doubtless others whom he taught in wider fields, at Bristol University, the London School of Economics, and elsewhere, would like to associate themselves with this tribute to a great scholar and a great gentleman. Subscriptions should be addressed to Sir Robert Young, M.P., The Manor House Hospital, Golders Green, N.W.11.

JOHN LAWSON, M.P.
JAMES WALKER, M.P.
ROBERT YOUNG, M.P.

GEOFFREY GARRATT

SIR,—Friends of the late Geoffrey Garratt are holding a Memorial Meeting at Friends' House, Euston Road, on June 22nd (Monday), at 6 p.m. There must be many among your readers who will care to know this and may miss its announcement elsewhere.

Sir Wilfrid Eady, K.C.B., will preside, and among those who will speak of Mr. Garratt's work are the Hon. Mrs. Helen Pease, Mr. Wilfrid Roberts, M.P., Mr. Emmanuel Abraham (Secretary formerly to the Ethiopian Legation), and Mr. H. N. Brailsford.

Oxford. EDWARD THOMPSON

EDUCATION

SIR,—Mr. A. L. Rowse becomes difficult to answer. I am a "controversialist," he says, detrimentally. For him Lord Elton was "egregious." The detrimental something is probably something in Mr. Rowse's mind rather than in Lord Elton's nature, or mine.

He would find it easy, he says, to dispose of my points seriatim. So he would. But that does not mean that he would have disposed of them.

I have a sense of humour, he says, and on this he rides off jauntily, as if I did not mean what I say.

It is curious how Mr. Rowse, when resisted in controversy, tends to sink to the personal.

JOHN MURRAY

SIR,—I don't think anyone has commented upon Mr. A. L. Rowse's suggestion that all the teachers should be brought together into one great National Union of Teachers without snobbish divisions. The suggestion is no doubt an excellent one, but is it not much more important to consider exactly the relation between the teachers who are the key to the educational system and the new world that we are hoping for after the war?

It will be noted that none of the teachers' trade unions is affiliated to the Labour Party. They are not even affiliated to the Trades Union Congress. Are we not justified, therefore, in saying that, politically speaking, they are more in need of education than perhaps any other large body of organised workers, and that, in other words, one of the great problems of the Labour Movement and of those who really believe in the new world is to educate our educators?

I hazard the suggestion that one of the main reasons why teachers are so politically and socially backward mentally is because they absorb a larger proportion of governing-class ideas through the longer period of orthodox education they receive as compared with the engineer, the miner, or the postman.

J. P. M. MILLAR

POINTS FROM LETTERS

SIR,—If the Churchmen seize the opportunity, while every able-bodied adult male is on active service and debarred from political controversy, of securing a privileged position in national education for which there is no mandate or public desire, and which they could not obtain if the matter were thrashed out before the electorate, they will suffer a loss of moral prestige and public respect which will cost them dear in the long run. In the meantime, however, a generation of teachers may have lost their liberty of conscience and undergone strong temptations to hypocrisy, while a generation of children has been conditioned to the old order by the inculcation of a philosophy which, whatever may be said of it, is held only by a minority of the nation.

21 Pond Street. S. D. WINGATE

One of the real arguments against the public schools is that they lavish resources of teaching power and environment on those who are incapable of fully benefiting by them, while far abler children are kept out. The other is that they perpetuate a social cleavage which a scholarship system without other reforms would merely enhance. Some compromise between social and intellectual desiderata might be reached on the following lines. The length of time spent at a public school should be diminished and the time spent at elementary and secondary schools correspondingly increased. Presuming that the school-leaving age is raised to 15 or 16, with part-time education up to 18 years of age, it should be possible at the age of 16 to pick out the boys who clearly have an intellectual bent and who are capable of profiting by first-class teaching and facilities. Those who wish should have the chance of going on to a "public school." By bringing the age of entry up to 15 or 16, the number who can pass through the school is increased and the social danger of segregation is lessened.

E. LLOYD JONES

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RIDER

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HOPED to find material for a sort of Plutarchian parallel in two books, *Ronald Cartland*, by his sister, Barbara Cartland (Collins, 12s. 6d.), and *A Cornish Childhood*, by A. L. Rowse (Cape, 12s. 6d.). Mr. Cartland, the son of an officer in the Regular Army, was educated at Charterhouse, became a Conservative M.P.; and then was driven by the sufferings of men and women in the Special Areas into being "more a Socialist than the Socialists." Mr. Rowse, the son of almost illiterate parents, won scholarships to a secondary school and to Christ Church, became a Fellow of All Souls and a Labour candidate; and now describes himself as "a proletarian who appreciates and has an altogether higher respect for the standards, the culture, the sense and ability of the upper classes." Alas, the book about Mr. Cartland is too dim to make any such parallel possible. The author, though a professional writer, has failed to make her dearly loved brother in any way vivid to those who never knew him. One gets no impression of his personality: all that emerges is that he was a courageous, magnanimous and evidently very charming man who won the admiring affection of all his friends. He was active in the small group of Conservatives that showed a more realistic sense, in my opinion, of the Nazi menace than either of the Front Benches. He gradually discovered that Neville Chamberlain was not only obtuse but lacked "generosity of mind and soul"; and before he was killed in the retreat to Dunkirk he wrote: "After the war—if Chamberlain *still* reigns—the revolution for me—one last desperate effort to save England." Why, one may well ask, was such a man ever a Conservative? He began by thinking Socialism incompatible with the liberty of the individual. Even if he had changed this opinion, I doubt if he would have been much happier in a party nominally Socialist but in fact dominated by elderly Trade Unionists. Next, one wonders how he persuaded himself for so long to continue supporting a Government that he knew to be equally inept in home and in foreign affairs. If he and his friends had voted with the Opposition, Mr. Chamberlain might have fallen much sooner. I fancy that Mr. Eden, whom in other ways I greatly respect, was chiefly to blame, because the others were too modest to act without him. Even when Mr. Chamberlain so preposterously adjourned the House for two months in August, 1939, they did not do more than abstain from voting. Though one may try to understand their motives, one is thankful not to share their responsibility. They kept in office the most calamitous government this country has ever had. Their modesty, if such it was, very nearly cost all of us our liberties; and that they saw the danger so clearly only makes their feebleness more difficult to excuse. However, Mr. Cartland died fighting courageously; and those who sneered at him—Sir Patrick Hannon, for instance—still dare, with a less enviable sort of courage, to speak and vote in the House.

Now I must turn to the incomparably more revealing book in which Mr. Rowse describes his life up to the time when he went to Oxford. Three main strands intertwine to form a character all the more interesting for its rugosities. First, heredity—he is a Cornish Celt, with probably a good dose of Normandy French blood. (His maternal grandparents were called Vanson and Goynes, names anglicised perhaps from Vincent and Guynes.) Secondly, individual temperament—he was bookish and also (he tells us) girlish, strong-willed and also neurotic. The third strand is the environment in which he was bred—his father was successively a groom and a china-clay miner, his mother a domestic servant and a village shopkeeper. Repeatedly Mr. Rowse contrasts his experiences with those revealed in Mr. Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise*; and this, in an account of his upbringing, is relevant. But he expresses surprise that this journal has never treated him as a proletarian writer. Since I happen to have reviewed here his *Tudor Cornwall* and *Poems of a Decade*, I shall stand up for myself. In neither of these books did the author talk of having been born into the proletariat. Would it not have been grossly impertinent, in both senses of the word, for me to discuss his origins, if indeed I was aware of them? I suggest that the insistence upon class, now so fashionable, can be overdone. In comparing the *Ode to a Nightingale* with the *Ode to the West Wind*, it might be useful to contrast Keats's education with Shelley's, but it would be stupid to insist that one was a petty burgess and the other an aristocrat. When Mr. Rowse writes history and poetry he uses the language and expresses the sentiments of a highly educated man. Whether his mother swept the carpets of St. Michael's Mount with the train of a ball-dress or with a stiff brush is no business of mine. When he writes autobiography, the case changes. The important distinction, I think, is still not between the miner's son and the peer's, but between the intelligent and the lazy-minded. I greatly admire the virtues of brain and will that enabled Mr. Rowse to overcome so many obstacles that I did not have to confront. But I can't go on fussing about this: Mr. Rowse's interest in Gide and Debussy and Matisse situates him in the highbrow class, to which my relations belong no more than do his. It is a class to which organised Capital and organised Labour are similarly indifferent, a class too small to exact any promises from would-be M.P.s. Surely it is sensible to concentrate upon our own situation, rather than upon those from which we have sprung. But since Mr. Rowse claims so insistently that he has not adopted the standards of the "gentleman," I must venture a comment.

He justifies this claim chiefly by his savage contempt for what he calls "the idiot people." I sympathise with his attack on the idolisation of the proletariat that has prevailed among some youngish intellectuals. If I thought the poor so much more admirable than the rest of us, I should vote Tory in order to keep them poor. But if some bourgeois intellectuals entertain illusions about the proletariat, Mr. Rowse seems similarly deluded about the richer classes. He suffered as a child from a fear of the dark, at which his parents laughed: "It is only one other example," he writes, "of the matchless unimaginativeness, the absence of nerves or mind or sensibility, among working people." Does he really suppose that the average Edwardian Colonel would have been any more sympathetic? I would even maintain that a principal difference between the proletariat and the richer classes is that the latter are submitted in childhood to far stricter discipline. The poor, I believe, are usually fonder than the rich of their children—they certainly are more indulgent. Again, Mr. Rowse was very happy at both his Elementary and Secondary Schools, which is, as he says, "such a contrast to the experience of subsequent friends of mine at their Public Schools." A few pages later he adds:

> I often think now that public school boys by the end of their time are ten years ahead of us day school boys in sophistication, knowledge of the world and human beings.

Why, then, is Mr. Rowse so enthusiastic a supporter of day-schools? Here is the answer:

> Between school and home the day school has greater liberty, and is more free to think for himself than under the constant surveillance of public school opinion. He need not so much take on the protective colour of his environment. He is free to develop his own individuality.

I wonder. Mr. Rowse mentions in his book such friends of his as Mr. Betjeman, Lord Berners, Lord David Cecil and Mr. Cyril Connolly. Does he think that any of these has been cruelly prevented from developing his personality? Or that his friends from day schools are conspicuously more individual? Most of my friends have been at public schools (and how few of them, except the Etonians, speak of their schools without distaste and even hatred!) but I cannot honestly wish that they, or I myself, were more peculiar than we are. No, the trouble with the public school is usually that if it makes the stupid boy more conventional, it makes the clever boy more odd. I am beginning even to think this may not be a bad thing: originality without intellect can be very tiresome, and eccentricity accompanied by intellect can be agreeable enough. Finally, Mr. Rowse draws a pitiable picture of the extent to which his home-life interfered with his studies: he was always having to leave his books to attend to the shop, and his parents thought his reading mere laziness. Does this strengthen the case in favour of the day school, that he has made in the book and again recently in this journal? I suggest that both day and boarding schools are necessary. Mr. Rowse considers the proletariat inane; and up to a point I agree, since I believe that only a tiny proportion of any class are congenitally capable of enjoying the strenuous exercise of the intellect or the imagination. Among those given the best education very few care, at the end of it, to use their minds. But surely the more one considers ability to be rare, the more one should deplore its being wasted. If only, say, ten children out of a thousand can get much profit from an Oxford education, how important that not one of these should be deprived of his chance. Mr. Rowse shows how the squalid economy campaign, urged by Rothermere and executed by Geddes, endangered his chance of receiving the education that he has put to such remarkable account. A little concern for children who to-day are similarly situated would be more welcome than his generalised abuse of the unprivileged classes.

Another respect in which Mr. Rowse parades his contempt for Public School taboos is his uninhibited boasting. I should be much too "gentlemanly" to mention this, if I were not certain it was deliberate. His antennae are very delicate, and when he offends the conventions of the class in which he now lives, it is no oversight. Here is one of several instances:

> Nobody has done more to celebrate the Cornish past and make it intelligible to and valued by English readers than I have done, certainly in my generation. Yet there is little enough appreciation of that in Cornwall . . .

Very true, no doubt, but it sends a shudder down my middle-class spine. Mr. Rowse will presumably put this down to the conventions in which I was brought up, but I believe there may be a rational basis for my dismay. Human beings are immeasurably vain; and their vanity is a rock on which love, friendship, even casual relationships, too frequently founder. If a man makes no attempt to conceal his vanity, he becomes a cracking bore. But if he does try, his friends get a lot of fun from detecting his lapses. To refrain as far as possible from boasting or "swinging a line" may seem to Mr. Rowse hypocritical: I suggest that it is merely polite.

I have concentrated upon Mr. Rowse's attitude to class because it is so prominent and so unusual a feature of his book. But if he likes to think of himself as a proletarian, he seems to me, primarily an aesthete. Prodigiously sensitive, he manages to convey the ecstasy into which he has been plunged by the sound of church bells and great music, by French literature, by the beauty of the Cornish landscape. He shows how aesthetic emotions led him to Christianity, and then proved a substitute for it. (It was his childish ambition to become Archbishop.) He gives a vivid picture of the cottage in which he was brought up with its knick-knacks and horsehair sofa and the pleasant sound of cups and saucers tinkling. Evoking the village life during his parents' childhood, he deplores "our own doped, decadent and rather despicable age" in which passive, provided amusements have replaced the simple creative folk jokes and ancient ways. *A Cornish Childhood* is written with an odd mixture of resentment and nostalgic affection. If there is much contempt, there is some pity. The asperities of the book, in fine, serve only to make it more absorbing; and everyone who reads it will want Mr. Rowse to continue his singular and so well-written story.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

DEEDES BEY

Deedes Bey. A Study of Sir Wyndham Deedes, 1883-1923. By JOHN PRESLAND. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

Some time in 1913, somewhere in Anatolia, a small boy of 15 came up to Deedes, "very wretched looking," and starved.

> I was told [wrote Deedes] to talk English to him, and, indeed, it turned out that he knew English, French, Italian, Russian, Arabic, Turkish. Very sharp and clever. A Cretan Moslem by race.

The child was homeless and friendless, a grain of dust in the wreckage of Turkish disaster and disruption. Deedes had him fed, cleaned, and properly dressed, and he placed the boy, at his own expense, in a school at Smyrna. "To see this little black child, all in rags, talking away to me in French . . . was very strange." But he asked the boy no questions—so nothing more is known or recorded. The man is seen in that incident: active and gentle, never indifferent yet aloof, not willing to speak, still less to inquire, where it serves no practical purpose.

How, then, ask idle questions of one who never asks them himself? Many who have known him for years, know next to nothing about the first part of his life. Of squirearchy by birth and a soldier by training, Brigadier-General Sir Wyndham Deedes, C.M.G., D.S.O., in 1923, at the age of 40, left the Army, resigned the post of Chief Secretary of Palestine, and settled in Bethnal Green to do work which he had long wished to undertake: on behalf of the poor, depressed, dispossessed, and brutalised. "It's not money that's wanted," he wrote in 1913 from Turkey, "it's personal service and courage." He did not consider the change a renunciation, and divested it of all such appearance. Nor did he discard his previous interests and associations—he would still go on a Zionist tour to Poland or South Africa, on a salvation errand to Nazi Germany, or on a relief mission to Turkey after the earthquake of 1939; but having "done so many strange things and mixed with so many queer people," he now settled down to a different life. There are points of resemblance between him and Lawrence: the same ascetic superiority of mind over body, and a courage which knows no danger; a self-abnegation and a detached spiritual existence which isolate a man, but secure other men's trust and allegiance. John Presland writes about Deedes: "He once said that ideas have always meant more to him than human beings, and ideas have in a manner always been more alive to him than human beings"; and Lawrence says in the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*: ". . . in all my life objects have been gladder to me than persons, and ideas than objects."

But Lawrence defines his attitude in a carefully constructed phrase; Deedes' personality does not reveal itself "in the written word"—"he lives in some ways uniquely, he writes like hundreds of others." Lawrence, in spite of his nihilist attitude towards life and its values, was essentially an artist, striving for self-expression: this was bound to destroy the balance into which an active purpose had, for a time, welded dangerous contradictions. Deedes, a sincere Christian, has a lasting purpose. "He never rests; there is nothing to rest for; only life to be filled with its insistent duties. . . ." Dynamic, austere, inhuman and yet humane, he has a supreme capacity both for concentration and for detachment. He has moved "through innumerable scenes of violence," and "has never committed an act of violence in his life." He has dispassionate judgment, "a remarkable sang-froid, and, when he chooses, an inscrutable countenance," and is "a rare example of an idealist who is very difficult to take in." And how much there is in this casual remark of his biographer: "It is no use being dramatic with Deedes." Lastly, he has "an overpowering reluctance to go back on the past," and a faculty to shut out completely all that has become irrelevant to him. He therefore could never write reminiscences, still less an autobiography. But for many years he had written letters to his mother, and during part of the last war he kept a diary; these, with his permission, his mother, who died two years ago, turned over to a friend of theirs, Gladys Skelton, who writes under the *nom de plume* of John Presland. And mainly on these materials her book is based.

From 1909 to 1914, Deedes was engaged on the reorganisation of the Turkish gendarmerie in Tripoli and Anatolia, and, after the Balkan Wars, also on schemes for resettling refugees from the lost provinces. Possessed of a thorough knowledge of Turkey and the Turkish language, he served with the Intelligence Department in the Dardanelles campaign, closely collaborating with George Lloyd, Captain Guy Dawnay and Captain Aspinall, then in their early thirties. The chapters on the Dardanelles, the most interesting and important in the book—they contain material of first-class historical importance—make sad reading: a story of commanders not comprehending the problems which faced them, and of lackadaisical, gentlemanlike "optimism" which let opportunities slip. At Suvla Bay, on August 6th, General Stopford had 25,000 men, and only 1,800 Turks facing him. But after a successful landing had been effected, Dawnay reported, "with a mixture of cold anger and hot despair, 'The troops are on the beach, washing their clothes!'" Sir Ian Hamilton thereupon sent General Stopford

> a gentlemanly cable, saying: ". . . . Chief glad to hear enemy opposition weakening and knows you will take advantage of this to push on rapidly."

—and Stopford ordered the troops to dig in. On the morning of August 8th, Aspinall reported: "Feel confident that golden opportunities are being lost and look upon the situation as serious." And at 11 a.m. Sir Ian pointed out to Stopford the importance of forestalling the enemy on the high ground, if this is "lightly held," but, being short of artillery, he should not attack an entrenched position. The same afternoon Sir Ian found Stopford "tired but happy." But by that time, Liman von Sanders had, by forced marches, brought up two divisions, and placed them under Mustapha Kemal, the later Ataturk. The best chance of forcing the Dardanelles was lost. And here are two passages from Deedes' Diary—bitter, apposite at this day, and in a way comforting:

> (May 8th) . . . We are such good improvisers, one is told, but we carry that to such an extent that we for ever improvise and never organise. . . . A hundred times a day I find myself saying, as I used to at the War Office: How do we come to possess such an Empire and how have we kept it?
>
> (Aug. 24th) When criticising the whole war I always come back to the before-the-war days and lay the whole blame for *all our* misfortunes on the country itself, for refusing to be woken, and on those in power in particular for refusing to try and wake them. All our errors now have their root in our pre-war unpreparedness. *You can't run an Empire on gallantry.*

By the middle of August it was obvious to the four young men that the Expedition would have to be withdrawn, though

> the knowledge that in a withdrawal like that *some* troops have to be *last* and then to be sacrificed is, I think, a terrible idea—and it must be many years since British troops had to *withdraw* from anywhere.

But despatches and telegrams from those in charge were

> all written in the sanguine, optimistic vein—which is again due to nothing but, on the one hand, we firmly believe, ignorance and inability to grasp the truth and, on the other, the desire to keep up the semblance of a rosy situation to enable certain people to keep their seats!

Finally, the young men managed to have Dawnay sent to the War Cabinet, and, though he was at first snubbed by Kitchener, his mission bore fruit. Hearing Dawnay's account of his interviews in London, Deedes remarked: "And I bet the best you found was Winston after all!"

From 1916-18 Deedes served with the Military Intelligence in Egypt and Palestine. There is a note by him, dated April 8th, 1916, setting out the terms "which he thought would be acceptable to the main Turkish parties and to the majority of the Arabs," and containing the following points:

> (iv) Autonomous rule for the vilayets of Damascus, Aleppo and Jerusalem, but under Moslem Governments appointed by the Entente, all the Governments to be under the guarantee of the Entente Powers.
>
> (v) For the remainder of the Ottoman Empire, the provisions of the agreement entered into by the High Commissioner (MacMahon) and the Arab Bureau with the Shereef of Mecca (Hussein).

Thus Deedes, in the closest touch with MacMahon, Clayton, Hogarth, etc., and fully acquainted both with the text of the documents and the intentions of those concerned, clearly considered that "the agreement entered into" in the MacMahon-Hussein correspondence did not cover the vilayet of Jerusalem.

Deedes was one of the officers who, in December, 1917, entered Jerusalem with Allenby; and again, from 1920-23, he was, under Sir Herbert Samuel, the first Chief Secretary in Palestine. As such, he gained the confidence and respect of both Jews and Arabs, and struggled hard against the anti-Jewish bias of many of his colleagues. He has remained a friend of Zionism to this day.

L. B. NAMIER

NEW NOVELS

The Moon is Down. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 5*s.*

The Keys of the Kingdom. By A. J. CRONIN. *Gollancz.* 9*s.*

The Family Man. By ANNE MEREDITH. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Cage. By KATHLEEN BELLAMY. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Novels of the last war suffered from two besetting faults—self-pity and a devotion to hysterical detail. Many of them screamed so shrilly that they passed, in the end, quite beyond the range of human earshot. Stench, mud, corpses, gas—how little that is really moving has remained! The error was that most of these books were written in a passion, either of rage, despair, or exhibitionism. This may explain why the best novel yet produced by this war has come from the relative detachment of America.

As if to disclaim any pretension to the particular, Mr. Steinbeck has clothed his book in a most effective anonymity.

> By ten forty-five it was all over. The town was occupied, the defenders defeated, and the war finished. The invader had prepared for his campaign as carefully as he had for larger ones.

This is the opening of *The Moon is Down*, and there are few occasions where more specific terms are used than these. At the same time there is no dream or fable atmosphere to blur the many sharp points and edges. It is soon clear that this is a Norwegian town and these are German invaders, but we are spared any exuberance of local colour.

The story is a short and extremely simple one. It is summed up in the hysterical outburst of a young invading officer, driven mad by months of friendless isolation.

> Conquest after conquest, deeper and deeper into molasses . . . Flies conquer the flypaper. Flies capture two hundred miles of new flypaper.

One of the unique merits of *The Moon is Down* is that both invaders and invaded, both flies and flypaper, are presented intelligibly and sympathetically. The heroes, in the modern sense, are the people of the town: the miners who dynamite railway lines, the hostages, and, above all, the mayor. But in the tragic sense the heroes are the invading flies.

Colonel Lanser, the commanding officer of the invading battalion, is a conventional but beautifully convincing character. His eyes are always tired, his mind struggling perpetually and fruitlessly against the memories of other wars. He knows precisely what he must do, and precisely what will happen. His efforts to persuade Mayor Orden to co-operate can never succeed, and he knows this. The people will resist whatever measures are taken against them, while his

own officers will quickly disintegrate. He is the man wise by experience, hopeless by situation.

The mayor is a contrast. He is the ordinary respectable man, at times pompous, at times humble, wise by a sort of bewildered communal instinct. As the people's elected representative, he becomes the people. His understanding springs directly from the collective knowledge of the community, and his resolution from the collective will.

Consequently the mayor is never a tragic figure, for he is never alone. The Colonel, amused or disgusted by his own officers, is always alone. His only moments of human contact are with the Mayor, whom in the end he is obliged to shoot.

Mr. Steinbeck rightly pays more attention to the invaders than to the invaded. The resistance of the town is made to seem inevitable: it is taken for granted. But the decay, the terrible galloping consumption of the conquerors can seldom have been more vividly described. The young officers hunger for girls, but when they appeal to the girls of the town for sympathy, they are murdered as they kiss.

They hear music from a café, and eagerly pursue it. But at their appearance the music stops, the couples break apart. And all the time comes the desperate booming of news from home, of victories and occupations which make no difference whatever to their plight.

In the description of the invaded there is hardly a moment of false sentiment or adulation.

> Annie (the cook) was always a little angry, and these soldiers, this occupation, did not improve her temper. Indeed, what for years had been considered simply a bad disposition had suddenly become a patriotic motion.

How convincing this is of all the cooks one knows! Mr. Steinbeck can write authentically about ordinary people without a hint of the abominable Little Man, London-can-take-it, attitude which has perverted English taste for years.

Dr. Cronin has chosen a rich field and exploited it with all the up-to-date equipment of the popular novelist. China and the Catholic Church! Few combinations could be more promising, and Dr. Cronin never disappoints. The hero is a priest, up against the hierarchy from the first page, humble, eccentric, canonised at least by his temporal creator. An endearing attack on Catholic hypocrisy runs through the whole book, and though the message is Christian, the final impression is thoroughly hostile to the Church on earth.

Father Chisholm is not, it must be admitted, a very credible figure. One feels that the life of a saint would be stranger than this, his temptations more savage, his mysticism necessarily more intense. For Father Chisholm is not a peasant-saint, but an intelligent man. Graham Greene's whisky priest is a great deal more convincing, if only because he is most vigorously a sinner as well as a saint. Saintliness is so rare, in itself so eccentric, that it requires a master or a madman to describe it. Perhaps Dostoievsky should be left in undisputed possession of this field. But *The Keys of the Kingdom* should not be treated so pompously. It is primarily an adventure story, and as such it would be hard to praise it too highly. Dr. Cronin knows exactly when to move to China, exactly when to bring plagues, wars, earthquakes, bandits into his stimulating pages. His wicked priests are terrors, and I for one cheered Father Chisholm as we once cheered the good cowboys in the Westerns.

The family life of the minor novel has gradually created a demonology of its own. The Awful Child chats precociously with the Outspoken Grandmother. The Scapegrace Uncle takes the Lovesick Daughter to the theatre. The Pathetic Maiden Aunt surprises even the Enigmatic Father by marrying the Grotesque Curate. Miss Meredith has brought them all out for our reinspection, and really they are not at all unwelcome. We know most of the answers, but there is a considerable charm about a familiar path, and a sly pleasure in anticipation. *The Family Man* is a quiet, dignified book; no plagues or bandits are admitted here and we should resent them bitterly if they appeared. There are passages of restrained irony which are excellent: the love-scene between the Curate and the Aunt is convincingly funny and awful. I recommend Dr. Cronin for the cinema queue, and Miss Meredith for the next air raid.

Miss Bellamy's characters are called Mark, Julian, Simon, Stephen, Brian, Josephine, Zoe and Anna. Most of them live in Greek Street, two are Communists, two poets, and all of them intellectuals or intellectuals' molls. They have a sexy time of it, a lot of interesting conversations between courses. Mallarmé is mentioned, and so are Goethe, Proust, Aztec pottery, Tang, Bach and the A.F.S. Chamberlain is attacked, and the beauties of the Blitz are daintily recorded.

Miss Bellamy's style is to be recommended as a masterpiece of camouflage. Never have so many platitudes been decked with such an elaboration of complicated phrase. This attack should be a serious one, for unlike Dr. Cronin and Miss Meredith, Miss Bellamy writes very pretentiously indeed. The innocent reader will either reach for his gun, or, what is worse, aspire to the same pretensions as these *Punch* intellectuals and imagine that their inane feelings are more distinguished than his own.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

HÖLDERLIN

Hölderlin: Gedichte. Selected and Edited by A. CLOSS. *Duckworth.* 6s.

This is the first representative selection of Hölderlin's poems to be published in the original German; and it provides the best passport for that other Germany for which Hitler cannot claim to speak. That Germany indulged a characteristically unreal image of Greece, but the dream produced the healthiest fruit in minds strong enough to resist its ultimately destructive effects: in Schiller, in Goethe, that is to say, but not in Kleist: *Penthesilea*, for all its lurid beauty, is a decadent work of art. Hölderlin—and this is, philosophically speaking, of great interest—indulged the Hellenic dream to perhaps the profoundest extent of all, but, owing to the extreme purity of his nature, was preserved from slopping over into featureless violence. *Hyperion* may prolong a lyrical throe beyond the limits of endurance; it is certainly sentimental; but the throe is not simulated, and its music continues to echo in one's ears long after one has forgotten the phrases of the melody. This gift is also Shelley's, with whom Hölderlin has often been compared. The similarity lies in the limpidity of heart I have mentioned, but the difference between the two men is equally important and is in effect stated by Mr. Closs when he says of Hölderlin that "his very hatred of the present was born of a longing for a noble world in which the hero appears as the mediator between God and Man." This is the crux of Hölderlin's belief—a faith of great ethical strength, since no mere aesthetic conviction could have produced so perfect a fusion of the Greek and Christian *Weltanschauungen* as that truly wonderful poem, *Brod und Wein*.

Even before his brain ultimately gave way under some stress that remains, even now, obscure, Hölderlin's poetry showed conspicuous faults: his syntax is often incredibly slovenly—a fault aggravated by the free rhythms he adopted; and the proportion of sense to sound is not always more balanced than it is in Shelley or Swinburne. But his great things are of the very

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highest order. "*Wer das Tiefste gedacht, liebt das Lebendigste*," is a truly Greek sentiment, indicative of a noble mind.

This edition is an excellent one. Nothing of real importance has been omitted; the notes are adequate; the tables of dates useful and necessary. Mr. Closs's introduction does its work well, and no doubt one must attribute to national pride the foolish remark that "no one since Pindar . . . has handled words so fearlessly and with such sonorous beauty and power"—a claim which overlooks Shakespeare and Milton (to name only two poets). Hölderlin's poetry is indeed a wine which needs no bush; but if Mr. Closs had said that, after Hölderlin's death, no German poet equalled him until the advent of Rilke, he would have said something we should not have felt inclined to dispute.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE VICTORIAN COMPROMISE

Victorian Prelude. By MAURICE J. QUINLAN. *Oxford University Press.* 20*s.*

Mr. Quinlan has written a delightful book. He has set out, with delicacy and skill, the changes in manners and taste in England in the century before the accession of Queen Victoria. There is, perhaps, relatively little in his volume which will be new to the serious student of his period; the real value of his work, apart from its charm, lies in the ability with which he has projected a mass of disparate evidence on to a single plane of discussion. But that value must not be underestimated. He shows, with considerable insight, the growth of the qualities we are accustomed to call Victorian; and he does not a little to make clear the basis upon which they were able to secure their triumph.

The "moral improvement" societies, the work of censors like Bowdler and Plumptre, the renovation of the clergy, the changed ideal of women, the slow improvement in the manners and tastes of the eighteenth-century masses—these are the staple of Mr. Quinlan's analysis. We meet our old favourites, Wesley and Wilberforce, Hannah More and Mrs. Trimmer, Bishop Porteous and Rivington the bookseller. He makes them perform their elaborate minuet, if not with novelty, at least with elegance. To read these pages now, while a thousand British bombers hover over the factories of the Ruhr, is to realise that time is a category rather of deception than of definition; for these men and women seem far more remote from our lives than the citizens of Periclean Athens or of the Rome of Augustus. The England of which Mr. Quinlan writes seems to have less in common with our own age than the England of Cromwell. It is hierarchical, timid, aghast at innovation. It is fearful of self-scrutiny. It mistakes style for manners, it is horrified at ideas; and its complacency makes some of the great Victorian critics almost revolutionary in their outlook.

Mr. Quinlan has, I think, discovered the secret of the insufferable complacency he exposes. He is describing the aftermath of an epoch of revolution the beneficiaries of which were anxious to safeguard their gains. They felt that the barbarism of the masses was a source of danger; they embarked upon an effort to confer enough refinement upon the people to breed contentment without risking scepticism. The economic expansion of the period enabled them to be reasonably generous without undergoing the moral strain involved in the effort to be just; and the general horror occasioned by the French Revolution and Bonaparte permitted them to impose their ideas before their real implications had been understood. When, with Waterloo, the workers began to recover from their acceptance of a social theory which regarded Hannah More as a major prophetess and Bowdler as a public benefactor, the middle-class ideal had already obtained that profound hold upon the British mind which it has never lost. Only in the last generation has there arisen the power to doubt its identity with eternal truth. It has taken two world wars, the Russian Revolution and the destruction of the foundation of our Eastern Empire, to suggest that the variables in our social equations are more complicated than Wesley and the sects of Clapham and Clapton were wont to imagine.

It is a fascinating theme, and though Mr. Quinlan has not dug very deep into its roots, he has provided a mass of attractive illustrations for it. The Victorian compromise becomes more intelligible when one sees how far back its tradition extends, how purposeful was the art which related it to a philosophy of action. Mr. Quinlan explains the triumph of that principle of respectability which has triumphed over most of Western civilisation. The undiscussed inference from his attractive pages is that the conquerors had the skill to persuade those whom they ruled that liberty needed property as the context of its meaning. It was an immense triumph which has had its effect on every nook and cranny of our national life. It explains the reason the categories of trade unionism in Britain were set by men like Francis Place, and why Robert Owen was never pardoned for examining the ecclesiastical mythology of his time. It explains, in no small measure, the failure of the Chartist movement; most of its leaders wanted, not a redefinition of the Victorian compromise but a wider extension of virtues they accepted as beyond inquiry. That is even related to the difficulties of the modern Labour leader who seeks to find socialist terms for Gladstonian ideals. Mr. Quinlan ought to give us a similar study of the Victorian aftermath. It would be fascinating to see him explain how Mr. T. S. Eliot and his disciples are seeking to refurbish the Victorian ideal in the elegant robes of the Carolinian divines.

HAROLD J. LASKI

MR. ROM LANDAU'S REGRESS

The Fool's Progress. By ROM LANDAU. *Faber.* 5*s.*

A few years ago Mr. Rom Landau published some very interesting studies of the unofficial religious teachers of to-day in a book called *God is My Adventure*. Though the somewhat flamboyant title suggested that God was not Mr. Landau's sole preoccupation, the book showed not only acuteness, as in the portrait of Gurdjieff, but real insight and feeling. Mr. Landau's tribute to Keyserling was just and moving, and in his account of Krishnamurti he succeeded in the extremely difficult task of portraying a saint without any false or exaggerated touches. His latest work is a painful drop from that height.

The Fool is England, symbolised in the person of John Smith, and it is perhaps unnecessary to say that it is not Mr. Landau's intention to wound John Smith's feelings. One may doubt, however, whether John Smith's pleasure in being called a fool is as keen to-day as when Bernard Shaw wrote *John Bull's Other Island*, or André Maurois began his courtship of the English public with *The Silence of Colonel Bramble*. The dangers and disasters of the last few years have, if only for the moment, shaken John Smith's complacent acceptance of the antithesis between character and intellect, with himself at the character end of the antithesis and the unfortunate foreigner at the intellectual end. No doubt this feeling will pass, but in his present mood John Smith would rather be told the defects of his virtues than hear once again about the virtues of his defects.

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about the English has already been said, with incomparably more power, by Keyserling in *Das Spektrum Europas*. Keyserling wrote: "It is not intelligence, but instinct—rising at its highest to intuition—which determines the cause of their lives." Mr. Landau writes that John Smith acts "primarily by instinct and intuition." Keyserling wrote that the Englishman in politics is "innocently devoid of conscience . . . He is accused of hypocrisy: no one plays the hypocrite less than he." Mr. Landau writes: "It isn't perhaps surprising that in his instinctive and unpremeditating way of doing things, John Smith has gained the reputation of a schemer." Keyserling quoted an imaginary Englishman on the weather to illustrate the Englishman's fondness for understatement. So does Mr. Landau. After all this it may surprise the reader to find Mr. Landau bracketing Keyserling with Ribbentrop as a type of the obtuse German to whom the Englishman is only a successful and irritating fool.

In those parts of his book which owe nothing to Keyserling, Mr. Landau, like other foreigners who of late years have paid their tribute to the English character, insists on the impenetrable and omnipresent dullness of the English mind. "You may seek in vain," he says, "for logic and the sparkle of true wit in British humour"; and again, "He (John Smith) is the last to claim intellectual brilliance. Yet while he may be suspicious of such brilliance, he . . . is easily impressed by foreigners displaying intellectual fireworks." That the ordinary Englishman is not as amusing as Voltaire must certainly be conceded, but I have read a good many foreign appraisers of the English, some whose logic is less solid than Dr. Johnson's, whose intellectual fireworks are less dazzling than Pope's, and whose wit is less perceptible than Sydney Smith's.

HUGH KINGSMILL

Week-end Competitions

No. 646

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best pair of clerihews on the names of flowers or trees. Competitors may send as many as they like.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday,

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 643

Set by Roger Marvell

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for 16 lines in the manner of Pope on the subject of the air raid upon Bath.

Report by Roger Marvell

I have received—so nice is modern susceptibility—a protest against my bad taste in setting this competition. If I needed reassurance, it would come from two excellent entries: one by Miss Mary Barwell, who was in Bath during both raids, the other by Gunner Terence Cooper, stationed in Malta, who—strange coincidence—sent to a friend a poem about the raid in the style of Pope, written, of course, before I set the competition. I thought the style of Pope appropriate because he would have admired Bath enormously and because he had a magnificent power of expressing indignation. The entries, I must admit, are rather disappointing. None of the competitors thought of imitating the *Lines on an Unfortunate Lady*. E. V. Milner, indeed, had the odd idea that Pope would persevere in the Pangloss vein of the *Essay on Man*:

If 'tis His hand that guides the lightning's path,
May it not also guide the *blitz* to Bath?

Yorick is more in the vein:

No Caesar this, but Genghis come once more
Out Attila'd the Attila of yore . . .

And similarly J. Taylor begins:

Bath, made by Romans of the classic age,
Left when their realms were pressed by Hunnish rage
Saw yet again Palladian columns rise
A little Rome beneath the British skies . . .

And ends:

Each in itself one more pathetic sign
That the dark hordes again had crossed the Rhine.

Pte. Alexis has a very neat couplet:

Ill-starr'd, confounded, in fact Nazifi'd,
Herr Baedeker compiles a new Bath Guide.

K. D. K. Leighton begins:

"Let there be order in the name of Wood,"—
Reason proclaim's; and lo, the answer stood . . .
Stood, but alas, ill-starred, now fallen lies
A shattered ruin open to the skies.

Here are Allan M. Laing's best lines:

At each lewd burst, by wanton hands releas'd,
A legend perish'd and a memory ceased;
And in their place, etch'd deep with smoke and flame,
Behold Time's picture of the Nazi shame.

A. J. Bull, M. Snow (whose handwriting aggravates the judicial task), Ordinary Seaman Roger Till, Leslie Johnson, Corydon (with a fine Warburtonian note), Simkin and Willy Tadpole are other competitors who did well. The two entries that catch best the manner, though both far too cool, are those of G. de Vavasour and H. F. The latter I recommend for second prize, the former for first.

FIRST PRIZE

Pox on the Hun! he shall not 'scape my wrath
Who leaves my Twitnam, but destroys my Bath
Where since *Bladud* a thousand wars have past
Nor stirr'd her slumbers—all except the last
The world of *Austen*, *Buonaparte* could spare
(The French have never lack'd for savoir faire)
Now buried *Malthus** from his tomb has cried:
Not *thus* economy should be applied!
And *Nash*: Go take the waters if you must,
But zounds! coarse fellows! must you raise such dust?
Ingenious *d'Arblay* moves beneath the stone
And turns from scenes her pride cannot condone.
Olympus stirs! May not the gods wax wroth
To view the latest outrage of the Goth?
Those who support Britannia stand aghast
And Mars shrinks by until the storm be past.

* *Note:* Thomas Malthus the economist is among those buried in the Abbey Church.—*Enc. Brit.*

G. DE VAVASOUR

SECOND PRIZE

Lo! *Bladud's* City mourns her classic scars,
The grand Achievement of the winged *Mars*;
Th' ensanguin'd Baths, the Abbey's shatter'd lights,
And that more famous Fane, of social rites,
Where now no *Fops* inflame the warm desires,
But *Heroes* fight unmetaphoric Fires;
Where *Elegance* and NASH once held the floor,
Now but a Mem'ry, and one Ruin more.

Such, *Attila*, thy triumph; such thy boast,
Who provest *Aryan* stock is *Vandal* most.
One childish Passion rules thy frantic mind,
T'avenge thy petty Failures on *Mankind*:
A Soldier spurn'd—let hosts of Soldiers bleed!
An Artist spurn'd—the doom of Art's decreed!
Yet, tho' our ev'ry Treasure's raz'd or burn'd,
To all thy Terrors still we answer—*spurn'd*.

H. F.

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